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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, July 17.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE COLOURED POPULATION.

The following article is full of instruction. The evidence of the character of the religious teaching given to the slaves of Charleston cannot be doubted when coming from such a witness as the Charleston Courier. And if such is the state of things in that populous city, what must it be in the country districts? We have italicized and capitalized some of the passages:

We have perused, with much gratification, the sermon of the Rev. JOHN B. ADGER, late Missionary at Smyrna, on this very interesting and important subject, preached at the Second Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, the 9th May, 1847. Mr. Adger, having reason to believe that, from failing vision, too severely tried as a translator, and under the parched climate and brilliant sun of Syria, and from other reasons, his usefulness was likely to be diminished in the field of foreign missionary labour, to which he has hitherto devoted the prime of his existence, has now, in compliance with early longings, and convictions of duty, turned his attention to one nearer our hearts, and at our very doors, the domestic missionary field, for the moral and religious culture of "THE HEATHEN IN OUR MIDST,"—the slaves who minister to our comforts, and luxuries, and ARE YET, AS A BODY, IN WORSE THAN EGYPTIAN DARKNESS." The subject is well and ably treated, and is certainly entitled to the serious consideration of the politician and philanthropist, and the prayerful consideration of the Christian. We certainly have not done the full measure of our duty to this class of our population. There are upwards of twenty thousand coloured persons in Charleston, and on the Neck, and there are but inadequate accommodations, and opportunities for their attendance on the preaching of the word of God, by admission to galleries in some of our churches—there being many that do not even vouchsafe them that privilege. Most clearly are we bound, as a Christian community, to provide for them *in* our churches, or *out* of our churches, that is in churches expressly erected and set apart for them. We, at first, had doubts upon the propriety of *separation*—founded on the principle that God, the Father of all, was no respecter of persons, and white and black, bond and free, should worship God at one altar—and, also, on *the consideration that the due subordination of the subject race required that the master and the slave should meet for religious service, in the same temple, each in his marked and distinctive place.* And such would still be our preference, in both religion and policy, were we not satisfied, that, in a community so populous as ours, the galleries and aisles of our churches, the only places for the accommodation of coloured worshippers, under the existing system, are not, and cannot be made sufficiently spacious for that purpose. The only alternative left is to build churches for their separate use, where, under white pastors, and white deacons, or committees of trustworthy, and properly instructed coloured class-leaders, their eternal interests may be properly cared for, without prejudice to the general weal.

We find, too, on reflection, that this course will be quite in conformity with the existing legislation, and policy of the State, on the subject. By the Act of 20th December, 1800, (ECKHARD's Digest of City Ordinances, pp. 376, 7, 8,) slaves and free persons of colour are impliedly allowed to meet, for religious worship, in the company, or presence of white persons, at any place, "not confined or secret," and at any time after sunrise, or before sunset; and such has been the practice throughout the State. After sunset, by the Act of December 17, 1803, (Ibid, p 378,) they cannot lawfully meet, unless the majority of the assembly be white persons, nor at all after nine o'clock at night.

Another controling consideration in favour of separate religious worship, by the coloured population, is the notorious fact that sermons adapted to the intelligence and taste of white audiences, are absolutely incomprehensible by, and lost upon, slave auditors. We lately heard an eloquent and pious clergyman, of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, tell the following illustrative anecdote on this subject. A preacher, on some occasion, had chosen *the grave* as his theme, and discoursed very eloquently on it as "the repository of the dead." "*Pompey*, one of the ebon auditors, seemed deeply attentive to and interested in the sermon, of which "*the repository* of the dead" was the catch-word, or burden. When *Pompey* got home, his master, who had himself highly enjoyed the fine display of pulpit eloquence, and supposed, from *Pompey's* fixed attention, (which he had observed,) that it was a case of "like master, like man," said to him, "Well, *Pompey*, that was a very fine sermon, I suppose you understood and enjoyed it very much." "Oh! yes, Massa," replied he, "*berry* fine, *berry* fine." "You know," asked the master, "what the repository of the dead, means—don't you, *Pompey*?" "Oh! yes, Massa," promptly rejoined the slave, "it *means de* place where *dey* sell carriages!" *Ex uno disce omnes*—this will serve as a specimen of the illiterate African's capacity to profit by the flowing periods, and elevated thoughts of pulpit oratory—which are in their place, acceptable to both God and man. But it most strikingly illustrates the necessity of having a preacher expressly for the slave—as much so, as a pastor expressly for the mariner—to address him in simple language, suited to his limited comprehension, and his peculiar modes of thought, feeling, and action; and, also, to exercise over, and manifest towards him, a general pastoral charge and interest, in which authority and affection will work together, for his moral reformation and everlasting good.

Of even more importance than preaching will be catechetical instruction, equally level with the intelligence of the slave; and this occupies a prominent place, in Mr. Adger's judicious plan. Of this excellent plan, and its probable blessings, we here permit Mr. A. to speak for himself:

"Give them suitable church room, and a suitable ministry devoted entirely to their good. Let them be induced, by such allurements as these, to crowd the place of worship; yet, be careful how they are suffered to crowd into the spiritual Church. Invite them all to hear the Gospel, but receive them only after careful and thorough examination into the membership. Let those who are admitted, be built up in the faith, not only by suitable preaching, but by the laborious, and persevering *catechetical teaching* of them, in private. Indoctrinate, thoroughly, their class-leaders, that they may communicate sound doctrine to the others. Pay great attention to the youth; and, with reference to the whole congregation, aim not at *exciting* them, but at *instructing* them. Thoroughly imbue their minds with the principles and precepts of the Bible, and store them with the facts and narratives of its history. At the same time watch over them, as far as possible, both directly, and by means of their leaders, as a faithful shepherd watches over his sheep. Let the discipline of the Church be firmly and faithfully administered upon them. This is what we need. Such a course as this, quietly and perseveringly pursued for ten years, would show the most delightful results. Different, alas! very different, is the present state and character of our efforts to do them good. *Our poor have not the Gospel preached to them.*"

The leading text chosen by Mr. A. to enforce the performance of our Christian duty towards the coloured race among us, was: "And the poor have the Gospel preached to them"—Mathew xi. 16; and he considers our slave population as peculiarly *our* poor, towards whom this prediction and duty should be fulfilled. He thus beautifully developes and expands this idea:

"The great reason for rousing ourselves to this work is, that this is *our bounden duty.* To our poor the Gospel ought to be preached. Christ's command has been given. We must answer to God if we neglect it. There is no possible excuse. All things are ready, if your hearts are ready. You have a duty to do as a Church. Your Presbytery, and your Session urge it on you. Good and wise men in this city unanimously approve. For the performance of this work, on your behalf, I offer you my services, if thought equal to their price. That price is nothing more than a place in which to operate, and very few helpers in the work. This work is for the benefit of your poor. Yes, they are yours—they are ours. They are not like the poor of Ireland, having claims on the whole world; the claim of these is on us, for we claim them as ours. They claim us, therefore, as theirs. And God knows the justice of the claim; and, if we despise it, God will judge us. The blood of these souls will be on us, if we neglect it any longer. *We put the invincible might of Christianity against us and our institutions, if we refuse. God's curse will come not causeless.* Blight on our country, blight on our Church, and blight on our own souls, and those of our children, will be the inevitable and direful consequence."

And how does this benevolent and pious clergyman propose, so far as he is concerned, to accomplish his purpose? He tenders his own services gratuitously, as the missionary and pastor of these *our* poor, and only asks that a church be erected and furnished him, by those who feel interested in the discharge of this high Christian and truly Southern duty. We understand that seven or eight thousand dollars have been already subscribed by members of the liberal and pious congregation to whom he addressed his sermon, and by other generous citizens; and we cordially wish him complete success in his noble and pious undertaking.

From the National Watchman.

TREATMENT OF BLACKS IN MARYLAND.

A proprietor of a canal boat, engaged in boating coal from this valley to Havre de Grace, related to us a few days since, the following circumstances. He accompanied the boat as Captain, and had with him as a hand, a quiet, orderly, industrious black man. While at Havre de Grace, two men came near his boat, one a magistrate named Hughes, the other a constable, named Willey. They inquired if he had a black man on board. He informed them that he had with him as a hand, a black man, who was then in bed, in the cabin. Hughes informed him that by the laws of Maryland, any non-resident black man coming into the State, was liabe to a fine of $20, which sum he demanded.

The Captain was told by some other citizens of Havre de Grace, that no such fine, under the circumstances, could be legally exacted, and he therefore refused to pay the sum demanded, urging that the black man was under his control and care as a hand, that he remained closely with the boat, and behaved himself well. An effort was made to arrest the black man, and on his showing an unwillingness to go out of his cabin, and a disposition to resist, Hughes handed the constable a pistol, (which he had just before, by request, received from him,) and ordered him to shoot the affrighted black if he did not give up.

As the Constable raised the pistol, whether to shoot or frighten is uncertain, the Captain stepped between the black and the pistol, saying if such was the law, the black should accompany them, and the propriety of their course should be inquired into. They handcuffed their prize, and took him some eighteen miles to Bel Air. On their way, they proposed to him if he would act as a spy for them, they would release him without his paying the fine.—Having a higher sense of honour than they, he promptly refused, and was put in prison. The Captain finally paid the fine and costs, and was permitted to take his hand back to the boat.—*Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Adv.*

It was in passing through this same State of Maryland, on our way North, that we were obliged, in Baltimore, not only to show our pass and free papers, but also to get a white man to testify that we were free, before we could be permitted to take the cars for Philadelphia.

We will give a copy of this pass *verbatim et literatim*—which we shall always preserve as a specimen of Republican literature

The bearer of this, Wm. G. Allen, is, as appears by his certificates of register, and persons well known to me, a free boy; I have therefore permitted him to leave Norfolk in the steamboat Jewess, Captain Sutton, for Baltimore. JAMES F. HUNTER,
Agt. Balt. Steam Packet Company,
Norfolk, Va., March 13, 1843.

This truly dirty and contemptible *permit*, (oh for shame on American republicanism!) we presented to the ticket-seller at Baltimore, but even this would not do. It was not sufficiently dirty. A white man must be brought up to swear that we were free, else we could not go!

Is this freedom? If this be freedom, pray tell us what is tyranny?

Pro-Slavery.

From the Charleston [S.C.] Mercury.

STRIKE IN VIRGINIA vs. SLAVE-LABOUR.

The editor of the New-York *Commercial Advertiser* seems much disconcerted at the disclosures we have made of the real designs of the Northern Abolitionists, in their sickening and deceptious professions of sympathy for the black race. He speaks of "curious article;" and '*unique*," "*sui generis*," and "misrepresentation of facts," all glitter as *igni fatui* in the mists in which he would involve the hitherto concealed, but now exposed, objects of those who pretend to be the exclusive friends of the children of Cain.

The strike in Virginia, however, has come most inopportunely. The precipitate movement of these emissaries in Southern factories has most fortunately betrayed their Northern allies. We rejoice at it, and most of all that the scene was enacted in Virginia. That Ancient Dominion, which slumbered for a time over the concealed volcano in preparation, but which has now, with all its former intelligence and power, awakened to the dangers which threaten. The Red Men have disappeared, and "*Delenda est Africano*," is the undisguised banner under which Northern Democracy and Abolitionism are to rally. We feel fully authorized, in the Messages of Governors Dana and Williams, in the Wilmot Proviso, and the action of Mr. King, of New-York, to consider these two parties as in alliance, and not for the *liberation*, but for the *annihilation* of the black race. *Abolition* and *annihilation* have now become synonymous, and the advocates of the former are not ignorant, *but fully understand* and *desire* the results which their measures, if carried out, would produce. The efforts for the improvement of the aborigines of America, though originally sincere in their objects, have resulted in their almost entire destruction. We remember to have heard an impressive anecdote of Nehemathla, a Chief of the Seminoles. He was an Indian of remarkable powers of intellect, and great sagacity. He had warred to the last against the white man, as the natural enemy of the wild Indian. At a treaty then negotiating with Commissioners, for the extinction of the Seminole title to a portion of Florida, he very unexpectedly was found to acquiesce in the propositions made, and expressed a willingness to affix his signature to the treaty. He previously requested, however, to be heard, and after a most eloquent description of the rapid progress of the white population, from the East to the West; of their irresistible power, and almost miraculous success in accomplishing anything they undertook, he said that he was convinced that it was one of the decrees which was not to be resisted, of the Great Spirit, *that the red and black race*, (pointing to those of that colour present) were doomed to disappear before the march of the white man, the *last and most perfect of God's creation.* "Until this decree is consummated," said Nehemathla, "there can be no peace or harmony on earth; and to it, in *all humility*, I bow submissive."

Whether the Abolitionists and Northern Democracy believe themselves the instruments in the hands of Providence to carry out this decree, we profess not to know; but that all their *agitation* and *acts* have for their *object* that *end*, is too clear even for the most sceptical to doubt. Let them meet the question, then, boldly and ingenuously, and confess that the profits of Southern soil, and Southern mechanical labour, shall not be participated in by the blacks; but that master and domestic, shall be confined to the narrowest limits, and like the oppressed Irish, become the victims of starvation; and not from defective cultivation, but from a superabundant population, annually increasing, and beyond the capacity of the country to sustain. Let, we repeat, the Abolitionists make this issue *openly* and *honestly*, and not *covertly*, and they will delude fewer of our Northern friends who are blindly led under false appeals to [illegible] and pretences. The black race at *the South*, so regarded as patriots—as faithful to the Constitution, and as friends to our race. But now I will hazard the prediction that *unless he comes out and avows himself a friend of the Wilmot Proviso, Gen. Taylor will not receive the vote of a single free State of the Union.*

Yours,

From the Louisville Examiner.

AS WE ARE.—WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We have endeavoured to show, in the second and third number of the Examiner, first, that Slavery was the cause of the slow growth of the population of Kentucky, and, second, that it oppressed and drove away thousands of our best citizens. We desire, in this, to prove that it prevents immigration, or the settlement among us, of citizens from the free States. Let us state, first, a few general considerations.

It is well known that immigration, all other things being equal, would be *southwardly*. Men naturally would leave a cold and sterile region for a genial and fertile one. If the institutions of Ohio and Kentucky had been the same originally, Kentucky would have been settled first, and most thickly, by immigration from the East and North. We have made it a study, for many years past, to inquire of Northern farmers and mechanics, and, especially of those who wend their way into Indiana and Illinois, what their disposition, their *wish* was, and we have invariably found, that nearly all of them, would have preferred, for the reason stated, our State.

Many of the most intelligent citizens of Virginia, aware of this fact, and anxious to meet the difficulty, have resorted to every means in their power to turn the tide of immigration southward. Our readers may remember a series of essays on this subject, published in the Richmond Whig, a year or two ago—essays which we purpose noticing at an early day. They endeavoured to show, that land was cheaper, commercial facilities greater, markets nearer, an old civilization, and its comforts more sure, the rewards of industry larger, climate healthier and better, in Virginia, than the West, and they urged upon Northern farmers and mechanics to come and settle there. *Partial* success has attended their efforts. Fairfax county has been partly settled by farmers and mechanics from the free States, and the result is, an entire renovation of the soil, and an unwonted prosperity of those neighbourhoods where they "located."

What cannot art and industry perform,
When science plans the progress of their toil?

The great majority of immigrants from the free States, however, will not come to the slave. This we know. Our own citizens who have to toil, leave it, because Slavery makes labour disreputable.—We cannot, then, expect those, born amid universal freedom, to encounter a difficulty which shocks and drives away the native. National inducements will effect much. They will lead Northern farmers and mechanics to seek a new home amid wilderness-perils and a wild forest society. *Occasionally* they can be persuaded to grapple with the ills of Slavery, as is the case in Fairfax county, Virginia, and to brave every social difficulty, as with resolute hearts they and theirs toil daily, for a moneyed reward. But the masses of them shrink from the great evil, as worse than any which frontier life can offer, and turn a deaf ear to every promised physical good, when it is to be met. "They can encounter the rudest hardships," says one of them, "and would forego all the pleasures and comforts of old settlements, for self-advancement; but they cannot grasp prosperity when the toil by which it is to be won, is held debasing. They care not for the roughest struggle with freedom; but they dread wealth, as a death-token, when the means by which it is gained are held to be slavish."

Let us see, then, what Kentucky has lost through this means—Slavery.

Population is the source of power. A State may have large individual wealth, and that wealth may increase yearly, and yet it shall grow poorer and poorer, as a State. For instance:—Suppose all around Louisville, and all over Kentucky, the large farmers should buy out the small farmers, and that these should seek new homes in the free States.—The owners of the soil, if they could cultivate it productively, would be richer. But how would it fare with Louisville, and the State? This loss of population would be to them a loss of wealth. More; it would be the certain means of reducing both Louisville and Kentucky in power, growth, and every mark and mould of prosperity.

We must have population—an increasing population—a population variously engaged in multiplied avocations, and these avocations filled up by men of limited means, but steady industry, if we would flourish. All capital, we know, comes from labour.—Existing capital is itself, only the result of past labour. If we lessen, then, the amount of muscle, mind, inventive genius, or the number of hands employed in the State, we do, so far, weaken its strength, waste its present capital, and destroy its future wealth. Let us not be deceived! Of all wealth—of all means of wealth—of all sure foundations of prosperity and power—of all hope of growth—the muscles and mind of man are the ONLY instrumentalities on which we can rely. Capital may be scattered like chaff by the first rude breath of heaven; but the wildest storm cannot unstring this muscle, or unnerve that mind. Power may crumble as a dry clod in the hands of the feeblest boy; but while God wills, no human element can crush man's strength. To debase labour, then, to [illegible] from coming among us, through such debasement, is to inflict a *home* wound which no State surgery can bind up or heal; a wound which will bleed, and continue to bleed, until we are wasted to the very lowest point of existence.

Suppose, by way of considering this subject practically, we ask, what the population of Kentucky would be *now*, if from the *first*, we had been free? There is a law of increase in Ohio which will answer this question. Let us see what *that* is:

Ohio population	1810	230,760	
Increase	1810 to 1820	330,674	152 per cent.
"	1820 to 1830	366,469.	61 " "
"	1830 to 1840	681,564	61½ " "
Total population 1840		1,619,467	

Now apply this law of increase, as here exhibited, and who can deny the justness of this application, if the curse of Slavery had never blackened our State? Who doubt that Kentucky, this hour, would have been the proud peer of Ohio, possessing grander internal improvements, cities and towns larger, a denser and richer population, if this mighty and monstrous evil had not crushed her? Let figures speak the result.

Ky. as she is.			Ky. according to Ohio increase.	
Pop. 1810	404 511		1820 564 317—1,094,407	
1810 to 1820	157,806	39 per cent.	1830 687,917—1,649 296	
1820 to 1830	132 600	22 "	1840 778,928—2,688,611	
1830 to 1840	91,911	13½ "		
Total 1840	779,928		Total 1840	2,688,611

This, then, is the result. As we are, with Slavery, we have a population of seven hundred and seventy-nine thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight! While we might have had, *with freedom*, TWO MILLIONS, SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED AND ELEVEN!!

Let any man, the tallest among us, say what this loss is! Let the best among those, who shrink back when Slavery is mentioned, and aver that neither its wrongs, nor consequences must be discussed, tell the public what this loss has cost the people of the State of Kentucky! Let any one of them, in pulpit or platform, grasp the withering influences of servitude upon the past and present, and paint them as they are! Let them review the moral aspects of the question, and proclaim how it has retarded the growth of cities, and kept down the value of property in them, checked the settlement of the country, and lessened the price of lands, stopped the building of railways, corrupted power, and stunted the growth of everything! Let them do this, and there is not a voter, free from prejudice, not a man or woman in all Kentucky, alive to her interests, or the good of the race, who would not say, "away with it! away with it! it is the State's blight—it is the darkest of human curses—and we cannot be just, or happy, or prosperous, until we are rid of it."

But away with all regrets. The past is gone.—Let it be dead, and bury its dead. The *present* is ours, and the *future* we can mould as we will.—Let us to work, then, and see how we may do the best for both, and how we may lay deep and broad foundations of success for the *present*, and build up the *future* with a sterling, enduring growth. We have the energy and heart. We have the material. God has filled our very hills with mineral wealth, and covered all our plains with richest fertility; and all that we have to do, to improve ourselves, develope our resources, and be as great as good, is, to give wing to industry, to stamp labour with the badge of honour, to pluck up by the roots whatever may sap manly vigour, to crush all that makes human energy slavish, to be *free.*

From the Bugle

LETTER FROM J. W. WALKER.

XENIA, July 6th.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I wish a small corner in your paper to say a word in reference to the Cincinnati High School Choir under the care of our friend H. S. Gilmore. I attended their concert at this place last evening, and truly it was a feast of soul. The improvment made by the choir during the past year is astonishingly great. I question much whether they can now be surpassed by any choir in the country. I am sure they cannot, all things considered. The ease, dignity, and power with which they sing their heart-cheering songs is worthy of all admiration. My favorite "text of Scripture" appeared last night doubly true, and more than ever sure of fulfillment, viz: "There's a good time coming." They have not only added to their skill in performance, but also largely to their stock of songs, &c. What adds still more to the effect, is the fact that Proff. Colburn, the gentleman who has had charge of the choir in the musical department from the establishment of the institution, accompanied them with the *Seraphine.* They will do much wherever they go for humanity.—Friends of our race help them along.

They will sing at our anti-slavery meeting this afternoon. I hope the friends in every place where they go, will help them to a full house. Yours,

J. W. WALKER.

From the Boston Traveller.

THE EMANCIPATED SLAVES OF JAMAICA.

We had an opportunity on the last Sabath, of learning some interesting facts in relation to the emancipated slaves of the Island of Jamaica, from a discourse delivered in one of our city churches by Rev. Mr. Renshaw, who for many years has been among these sons of Africa as a missionary.

The present coloured population of Jamaica, is about four hundred thousand—the white residents of the island numbering only about fifty thousand. The coloured population for the most part consists of the slaves who were emancipated by the British act of August, 1838; the remainder—the browns, as they are called—being the offspring of concubinage which so universally existed previous to emancipation.

Mr. Renshaw explained, satisfactorily, one or two facts connected with the business of Jamaica, from which inferences have been drawn unfavourable to the change which has taken place in the condition of the working population. There had been a falling off, for instance, of about twenty five thousand hogsheads of sugar, in the exports from the Island. The inference, drawn from this fact, that the negroes had become more indolent under a state of freedom, was not founded in truth. The negroes had now many more wants than when they were in their degraded condition as slaves. They now used sugar themselves largely. Allowing them fifteen pounds a head annually, more than they formerly used, it would more than make good the deficiency in the exports. The decrease in the value of plantation property, too, had been adduced as an argument against the condition of freedom in a pecuniary point of view. This decrease, however, was clearly accounted for by the change in the policy of England in reference to the products of its colonies, from that protection which amounted to a prohibition, to free trade, which gave the sugar of Jamaica no preference in the English market.

Since emancipation, the legislation of the colony had entirely changed, as regards the coloured population. Many of the same gentlemen were still in the Government, it was true, but they were now as kind and considerate towards the negroes, as they once were necessarily cruel. An improved system of prison discipline had been adopted; a lunatic asylum had been established at an expense of $100,000; abundant provision had been made for enlightened medical attendance upon the labouring people; public schools had been established; a general interest, in fine, was manifested in the welfare of the labouring population, and all public measures looked to the amelioration of their condition.

A great change, and an entirely spontaneous one, had also taken place in the morals and manners of the white population. Prior to emancipation, marriage was virtually prohibited by the customs of society, and concubinage was universal. Intemperance, and other vices, generally prevailed. Now public sentiment regarded marriage as honourable; concubinage had to a great extent disappeared; and the principles and practice of temperance were commonly cherished. The prejudice against colour had been almost entirely removed. The brown class, once proscribed, now took a position in society.—They were found in all public stations, both in the legislative and judicial branches of the Government. There was in fact no distinction as to complexion, and no bar on that account to the social reciprocities and amenities of life.

The change in the condition of the negroes had been very great, so much so, that it had operated as a hindrance to their advancement. They had so rapidly progressed from a state of absolute servitude and degradation, to that of a comfortable peasantry, that they had imbibed some of the vices of wealth, and were becoming covetous. Although their present condition was only an approximation towards the condition of the free coloured people in the United States, yet in regard to diet, clothing, dwellings, all the comforts of civilized life, there had been a vast improvement upon the frightful condition—both moral and physical, in which emancipation found them.

At the time of the emancipation, such was the mental degradation of the negroes, that they seemed almost to have lost the power of thought. They manifested, however, great enthusiasm of gratitude towards God, and towards the missionaries as instruments of their redemption from Slavery. They literally came and laid down their first earning at the feet of the missionaries, with apostolic simplicity; and a hundred thousand dollars at least were given in this way for the erection of houses of worship and schools. There had, however, been a reaction of feeling, as might have been anticipated. The enthusiasm had passed away, or had ceased to have an operative influence.

Mr. Renshaw is one of the band of missionaries who went from this country to Jamaica, in 1839. They went out with the sympathy of the various missionary organizations, but with no provision as to support or aid from any of them. Immediately on their arrival, they were eagerly sought out by the emancipated slaves, and places assigned them as religious teachers. They appear to have laboured hard, in season and out of season, superadding to their more appropriate missionary work, the labours building committees, committees of ways and means, &c. Their object in visiting this country now, is, to obtain pecuniary assistance to enable them to complete the buildings which have been commenced at the different stations, and which are necessary to the successful pursuit of their missionary labours. We trust they will not be disappointed.

PHILANTHROPY PLEADING FOR PEACE WITH MEXICO.

Memorials from the London Peace Society to ten different Governments, respecting the Mexican War:

MR. EDITOR:—The following memorials, pleading for a speedy termination of the conflict with Mexico, and for a general adoption of such substitutes for war as shall supersede its necessity in all cases, have been sent, by the London Peace Society, not only to our own Government, and that of Mexico, but to the British Ministry, and all the principal monarchs of Europe. The movement shows how earnestly the true friends of God and man in the Old World desire the cessation of our present war; and thinking that the perusal of these truly philanthropic and Christian appeals would interest the community at large, and tend to further the benevolent object of the memorialists, we take the liberty of requesting you and all other editors to publish them.

GEORGE C. BECKWITH,
Cor. Sec. Am. Peace Soc.

BOSTON, July 12, 1847.

To the Hon. James K. Polk, President of the United States of America:

The Committee of the "Society for the Promotion of permanent and universal Peace," instituted in London, in the year 1816, desire most respectfully to convey to you the sentiments which pervade their own minds, and those of the Christian people of this country, as to the war at present carried on by the American Government against the Republic of Mexico.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that the society which we represent is not formed for any national, political, or sectarian objects; but is based upon the principle that all war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity and the true interests of mankind; and that our object includes the entire abolition of the system and practice of war, throughout the whole world. It is to us an occasion of deep and unfeigned regret, that there is not one of the Governments of the world which has not been implicated in the guilt of war; and, were it not that we have been in the habit of remonstrating with our own Government upon this subject, we should feel that we were altogether unwarranted in addressing ourselves to you.

We had contemplated to have taken this step at an earlier period of the struggle to which we have referred; but we had earnestly hoped that the sentiments of the Christian people of America, would long ere this have prevailed to secure an amicable adjustment of the points at issue between the two sister countries.

We do not propose to offer an opinion upon the subjects of difference between the two Governments; but we feel it to be our duty, as in the fear of God, who has "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell upon the face of the earth," and constrained by the love of our common Saviour, who is also "the Saviour of all men," to submit to you, and through you to the Government at the head of which you are at present placed, whether these proceedings be not in direct antagonism to the genius and spirit of the Christian religion, and to the avowed principles of the American Constitution; and whether you ought not to adopt prompt and decisive measures for terminating the frightful scenes of bloodshed and suffering which mark the path of your conquering armies.

In this moment of your victory, we would, most earnestly and respectfully, entreat you to display a truly magnanimous and Christian spirit, by at once offering to the Mexicans such terms as they can scarcely fail to accept, and by declaring your determination to abandon at once all appeal to military force, and to settle the disputed questions, should any such still arise, by referring the whole case to the *arbitration* of two or three friendly powers.—We cannot but think that such steps as these would secure to the American people a distinction among the nations of the earth far more valuable than anything which can be acquired by military triumphs, and would tend, by its influence on other countries, to discourage the unchristian practice of war, and to secure to the nations the unspeakable blessings of permanent and universal peace.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
JOHN JEFFERSON, *Sec'y.*
19, New Broad street, London, }
June 14, 1847. }

To the Hon. Santa Anna, President of the Republic of Mexico.

The Memorial of the Committee, &c. respectfully showeth, that your memorialists are united in the conviction that the system and practice of war are altogether opposed to the principles of the Christian religion, and every way injurious to the true interests of mankind.

Your memorialists wish it to be distinctly understood, that the society which they represent is not formed for any national, political, or sectarian objects, but is based upon the principle that all war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity and the true interests of mankind; and that its object includes the entire abolition of the system and practice of war, throughout the whole world.

It is not at all, therefore, the province of your memorialists, to offer any opinion upon the precise subjects in dispute between the Mexican Republic and the United States of America; but we cannot refrain from expressing to you how deeply we are pained by the existence and protracted continuance of the war in which you are at present engaged.

Most deeply do we deplore the large amount of privation and suffering which is thus inflicted, and, to a great extent, upon those who are innocent and unoffending as to the cause of the war, whatever that cause may be, and still more, the fearful sacrifice of human life, which the religion of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, teaches us to regard as sacred, and of inestimable worth; and most earnestly do we desire to see this mournful state of things brought to a speedy close.

You memorialists disclaim everything like a right to interfere, as between your nation and America, nor have they any such power of interference; but they do, most respectfully and fervently, as men and Christians, implore you to use your utmost endeavours to secure a total and immediate suspension of hostilities, and to seek the adjustment of the existing differences by mutual negotiation, or by referring them to the arbitration of one or more friendly powers, with the distinct and full understanding that both parties will abide by the decision.

Your memorialists cannot but hope that this mode of settling international disputes, or some other of an equally pacific and [illegible] character, will soon be adopted by all the nations of the earth, instead of having recourse to the barbarous and unchristian practice of war.

Your memorialists are firmly persuaded, that the course of procedure which they thus venture to recommend, would yield you the highest satisfaction, and secure that state of settled and permanent peace which you cannot but ardently desire; and allow us to suggest, in conclusion, that any sacrifice which such course may involve, is trivial indeed, when compared with the dreadful calamities inseparable from war.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
JOHN JEFFERSON, *Sec'y.*
19, New Broad street, London, }
June 14, 1847. }

To the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, First Lord of the Treasury, and the other Right Honourable Members of Her Majesty's Government:

The Memorial of the Committee, &c. most respectfully showeth, that your memorialists regard with deep regret, the continuance of the struggle between the United States of America and the Republic of Mexico, as furnishing, at every step of its progress, painful proof of the utterly unchristian and injurious nature of war, and as tending to provoke yet further hostilities.

Your memorialists have learned, with much sa-

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

tisfaction, that her Majesty's Government have once and again offered their friendly mediation between these two contending powers; and they are not insensible to the delicacy and difficulty of your position, now that such mediation has been virtually refused.

Strongly convinced, however, as they are, that it is always honourable, yea, more, that it is eminently Christian, to persevere in efforts for the welfare of others, though they may not immediately succeed, your memorialists venture to submit to the Right Honourable members of her Majesty's Government, whether the renewal of their proffered mediation be not very desirable, accompanied, it may be, with a recommendation that, should this mediation be not accepted, they will submit the matters in dispute to the arbitration of some other friendly power or powers.

Your memorialists would, in conclusion, express their earnest desire that the British Government will employ their most earnest and decided endeavours to arrange all its own differences with other powers, whenever any shall arise, by mutual negotiation, or by *reference* of such differences to *arbitration*, and that *they* will use their best influence to induce all other Governments to act upon the same principles.

Signed on behalf of the Committee,
JOHN JEFFERSON, *Sec'y.*
19, New Broad street, London, }
June 14, 1847. }

To His Majesty, Louis Phillippe, King of the French, &c. &c. &c.

The Memorial of the Committee, &c. humbly showeth, that your memorialists have the privilege to represent the opinions of large numbers of Christians both in England and other countries, who regard war as altogether opposed to the teaching and spirit of the Christian religion, and to the true interests of mankind.

Your memorialists reflect, with much satisfaction, on the general prevalance of pence in Europe, during a period of more than thirty years, and derive hence strong encouragement to hope that the great powers of Europe will never again be arrayed against each other.

Your memorialists are, however, always pained at the existence of war, even though it be carried on upon a smaller scale than heretofore; believing, as they do, that it is always a great moral evil, alike offensive to Almighty God, and prejudicial to the true interests of men.

At the present time your memorialists have especiallp to deplore the continuance of a state of open war between the United States of America and the Republic of Mexico.

Your memorialists venture, therefore, most respectfully and earnestly to invite you, Sire, and the rulers of other great nations, to recommend, in a spirit of friendship and love, to these belligerent powers, a total and immediate suspension of hostilities; and the adoption of vigorous measures to decide whatever points of dispute there may be, by moral and pacific means alone; by mutual negotiation, if possible; and, failing in this, by referring them to the arbitration of one or more friendly powers.

Your memorialists would only add the expression of their earnest hope, that the day is not distant when the Governments of the civilized world will unite in a general agreement, by treaty or otherwise, to refer all cases of dispute to arbitration, upon the recognized principles of international justice and law, agreeably to the recommendation of the General Convention of the Friends of Peace, held in London, in the year 1843, which your memorialists had the honour of placing under your Majesty's attention.

Signed in behalf of the Committee,
JOHN JEFFERSON, *Sec'y.*
19, New Broad street, London, }
June 14, 1847. }

The foregoing was also sent (appropriately addressed) to the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the King of the Netherlands, the King of the Belgians, and the King of Sweden.

The Washington Correspondent of the Boston Whig writes the following letter:

THE VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS

Consent to the sale of Christian Women as slaves, by the General Government, at public Auction, for money to carry on the War against Mexico!

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 13, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:—I received a short note this morning, without signature, informing me that two females (who have been for some time confined in the United States *Slave Warehouse* in this city, and in whose wretched condition I had previously taken some interest,) would be sold at 10 o'clock, for the benefit of the United States.

I immediately procured the "Union," and found in it the following advertisement:

MARSHAL'S SALE.—In virtue of five several writs of *fieri facias*, issued from the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia, for the county of Washington, and to me directed, I shall expose to public sale for cash, on Tuesday, the 13th inst. at the south front door of the Jail of said county, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. the following property, viz:—

One negro woman, named Elizabeth, about the age of sixty years; and one negro girl, named Caroline, about the age of twenty years; seized and levied upon as the property of Henry Miller, and sold to satisfy judicials No. 22, for October term, 1847, in favour of the Postmaster-General; also judicial Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, to June term, 1847, in favour of the United States, and against said Henry Miller.

ALEXANDER HUNTER,
Marshal of the District of Columbia.

I instantly repaired to the *Government Man Auction*, but found myself a few minutes too late to witness the sale. I was, however, informed that there was a good deal of competition among "*the trade*," and quite a number were present. A noted dealer, knowed to the coloured people here as "the Rev. Mr. Williams," was one of the most spirited bidders.

I was glad to learn, however, that *benevolence* outbid *selfishness*. Some kind-hearted gentlemen became the purchasers of these two females—*professors of religion*—and the United States receives into its treasury $530!

What has the North to do with Slavery? Is the seizure and sale of these women provided for in the Constitution?

The "great defender" and "expounder" of that instrument knows—so does "honest John"!

If it was n't *all right* and *well approved by the voters*, the voice of old Massachusetts would have been heard long ago.

The case of the poor slave woman who was so inhumanly whipped, last Congress, was well known to the honourable and reverend member from Worcester county, yet he offered no resolution against the use of the United States Prison to confine her without the slightest charge of crime. He knew his constituents—*the voters were satisfied that it was all right.*

The voters of the free States have long held the key to the slaves' prison-house in Washington, but *they have never told their Representatives to turn back the bolt!*

It is *the voters of the North* who have made this fair city the *Man-Market of the Nation.*

It is the *North* that furnishes Satan with his sentinels, to guard and defend these deeds.

Your good city, I understand, is about to furnish one of our churches with a pastor. I confess I have no little curiosity to see whether he will come and sit down quietly among members who buy and sell one another, and among Elders who defend the deed as a Bible-sanctioned practice. J. B. W.

The following letter from Calhoun was written in reply to some complimentary resolution passed at the Putnam Whig meeting, in Georgia. The Boston Courier, in copying it, puts the last paragraph in italics, and speaks of it "as embodying certain propositions which we consider as sacredly true in their application to the free as to the slave States." The letter and the comment are equally significant:

FORT HILL, 27th June, 1847.

DEAR SIR:—I am in the receipt of your note of the 17th in-tant, covering the resolution adopted by a meeting of the Whig party of Putnam county, approving the resolutions introduced by me in the Senate of the United States during the last session, in opposition to the Wilmot Proviso, and tendering the thanks of the meeting for the stand I took in behalf of our rights.

I am happy that my resolutions and stand have met with the approbation of your meeting; not so much on my account, as acceptable as is the approbation of my fellow-citizens to me, but for a reason far more important. Coming from a quarter of the State so respectable and influential, I hail it as an omen that the Whigs of Georgia are prepared to do their duty in reference to the vital questions involved in the resolutions I introduced.

I hope it is the precurser to the union of all parties with us, to repel an outrageous and unprovoked assault on us—one that involves our safety and that of the Union. We have the Constitution clearly with us. My resolutions have been assailed and denounced, but the truth of the principles they assert, remains uncontested and incontestible. In defending them, we not only defend ourselves, but the Constitution; and in defending it, the Union itself, of which it is the basis.

We must not be deceived. *The time has come when the question must be met. It can no longer be avoided—nor, if it could, is it desirable. The longer it is postponed, the more inveterate and dangerous will become the hostile feelings between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. With union among ourselves we have nothing to fear—but without it, everything. The question is far above the party questions of the day. He who is not for us is against us.*

For your kind expression of feeling towards me, in communicating the resolution, accept my sincere acknowledgment.

With great respect, I am, &c. &c.
J. C. CALHOUN.

SAMUEL A. WALES, Esq.

WEST INDIA APPRENTICESHIP. NO. 1.

In the last Liberator, Mr. Garrison commenced the publication of a Journal, which promises to be of great interest and value. It was sent him by the author, Major John B. Colthurst, who says: "That he had the good fortune to be appointed by the Government, to a Special and Police Magistracy in the West Indies, during the negro apprenticeship in those colonies. In the discharge of that office, Major C. had the best possible opportunities of judging, with impartiality, the conduct and character of all the parties, whose interests were involved in the great and important change they were then passing through. As a sincere Abolitionist, Major Colthurst made notes while in the West Indies, of any matter which struck him as bearing upon the character and position of these parties: particularly the negro's, *whose conduct throughout the exciting period was above all praise.* Major Colthurst is anxious to submit to Mr. Garrison's perusal, his manuscript journal, taken from his office notes, and has requested Mr. Varian, of Cork, to forward it to Mr. Webb, of Dublin, for that purpose." From this Journal, Mr. Garrison promises copious extracts.—We copy the first number, and shall the others as they appear:

Extracts from the Journal of Major JOHN B. COLTHURST, *while acting under the appointment of the British Government as a Special Magistrate in Barbadoes, during the memorable experiment of negro apprenticeship in the West Indies.*

In August, 1835, I applied to my Lord Glenelg, Secretary for the Colonies, for a special magistracy in the West Indies. This application was made through my kind friend, the Marquis of ———. His Lordship's request in my favour was at once acceded to by Lord Glenelg, and my appointment to Barbadoes followed in a few days. It is scarcely necessary here to explain the duties of a Special Justice under the imperial act for the abolition of Slavery; at the same time, it is proper to observe, that those duties were confined to the adjudication of matters only between masters and apprentices, and to see that each person performed to the other what the law required—first, that the master or employer should regard the apprentice as a freeman, to all intents and purposes; next, to give him all the allowances directed by the law; and lastly, to consider him only as an apprentice, bound to him for a certain number of years, as under the common law of England; that he was not to use him cruelly or improperly in any respect, nor inflict upon him any description of punishment; but that if the apprentice failed in his duty to his master, and by failing to perform this duty, the master had the power to bring him before the special magistrate for punishment. In return, the apprentice was to labour for the master—the field apprentices for forty-five hours each week, not including Saturday, and the domestics, or house servants to give up all their time to their employers, with the exception of the proper right in the domestic to attend Divine service on Sundays. All this it was the duty of the special magistrates to see carried into effect, according to the great principles of the imperial act, and to punish either one or the other, who failed to discharge his required relative duties.

Having seen much of Slavery in the States of America, and its attendant evils, I was fully prepared, before I left England, for the serious duty I should have to perform; aware as I was of the passions and prejudices I should have to contend with, and which it was my first duty to temper, and if possible, reform. Fully impressed with these responsibilities, I sailed from Deptford early in October, 1835, on board the ship E, bound to Barbadoes, and commanded by Captain T.

On the 24th of November, land was seen from the mast-head, which proved to be Barbadoes. It is unnecessary to say, with what feelings of pleasure the shout of "land ahead!" is received by persons unused to long voyages. This sensation is positively delicious; for though our party on board were, generally speaking, as pleasant as any I have ever met with in the same sort of prison, yet the relief experienced by the prospect of a release from this captivity, and finding your feet once more upon old terra firma, and separating yourself from your fellow-prisoners, whose good tempers might not stand a longer test, is, perhaps, for the moment, one of the greatest gratifications of life. We found it impossible to come to an anchor in Carlisle Bay on the evening of the 24th, and therefore kept on and off during the night, which was squally, with heavy tropical showers. The heat in the cabin had been for the last fourteen days almost intolerable; and during this night, scarcely to be borne. The rain prevented us from being, as usual, on the deck; so we were obliged to submit to be baked in a batch in the cabin. About ten o'clock, on the morning of the 25th, the ship came to anchor, when she was immediately surrounded by boats from the shore, filled with negroes, both men and women, chattering, shouting, and talking most prodigiously. Here, then, I had a specimen of my future constituents, whom I had been sent four thousand miles to take charge of. I mentally exclaimed, "What a task I have before me!"

It was Saturday when we landed in Bridge Town. We took up our quarters at Mrs. Phillips's inn, where I was made as comfortable as a man could be, who was suffocating with heat, and dripping with perspiration. The moment I landed, I reported my arrival to His Excellency, Sir Lionel Smith, who appointed the following Monday, at 12, to receive me, and be sworn in as Special Justice. After breakfast, on Sunday morning, I walked out into the town, and found it an exceedingly nice one; but what struck me most forcibly was the order and quiet which prevailed. Scarcely a soul was to be seen in the streets, of any grade or colour. I must say I was greatly pleased with these decent appearances on the Sabbath morning. I afterwards went to one of the principal churches, where at least five hundred persons were assembled, of every colour in the rainbow, I believe, but azure. To an European eye, these tints, among the multitude are exceedingly novel and curious, as if each tint belonged only to a person of some distant nation, from that of the person next him. I declare, these endless shades were sufficient to persuade a man, that each had been sent as a specimen of the complexion of his countrymen far beyond the seas. However, I soon found this mixed multitude perfectly alike in one thing, which was, their profound attention to the service. Not a cough, and scarcely a move was made the whole time, and all seemed willing, by their example, to influence their neighbours properly. The order and propriety I witnessed this day, even at twelve at night, would put to shame any town in the old country. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hart, on that beautiful text, "Faith, Hope, and Charity." Though I have often heard this text expounded, I never, I must say, heard it better explained before. Mr. H. suited his language to the capacity of his hearers, which, above all things, is the most necessary from the pulpit. This manner of preaching accords with the pure and primitive principles of the Protestant Church. The preaching of every word Mr. Hart uttered might be understood by any person present. It is always provoking, when we hear sermons preached in language which can only be understood by a very small portion of a congregation. On the meaning of the preacher. I am averse to anything bordering upon declamation, or studied action in preaching in our church: it is not orthodox, nor is it really persuasive. The most beautiful and impressive sermons I ever heard were delivered without either declamation or theatrical action. John Kemble has been too closely imitated by some of our Church dignitaries in this respect; so much so, that I have often preferred going, when I had a choice, to the humble parish church, with its ivy mantled tower and tiled roof, to presenting myself before my Maker in the midst of cathedral forms and grandeur, and bolsterred up in my seat, perhaps, by fashions, bustles, and furbelows, only suited to a ball-room. Your mind is also so distracted by the chanting, &c. &c. that really a man has no time to pray. All this you avoid by going to the modest parish church, where all is simplicity, and the clergyman a person whom you respect. There is also something pleasing in observing the manners of comfortable rustic life under such circumstances. The farmers, with their families, upon those occasions, are perfect specimens of the agricultural wealth and homely comforts of England. Farm servants also, with their braided Sunday smock frocks, tied up at the breast with bits of blue or red riband, and, to which is sometimes added, a bunch of roses, all in contrast with their tremendous hobnailed shoes, give a pleasure not to be obtained out of a country church; notwithstanding, that some of the fox-hunting Squires occasionally talk of the chace or cover appointments during the time the lessons are reading. This I have witnessed in country churches often, I am sorry to say. I am no Puritan, but I am a steady stickler for respectable conduct in church, and therefore it was I felt so surprised and pleased with what I witnessed on my first visit to a Barbadian church—in a country where only the other day, nine-tenths of the population were SLAVES, who formed, upon this occasion, one-half, at least, of the congregation as apprentice labourers. I must confess, this cheered me to the work I was about to undertake; as from whatever cause this propriety sprung, it is quite plain it existed, generally, and formed an excellent foundation to work upon for good.

I slept better that night, and began to think that many of the statements I heard from my fellow-passengers, (some of whom were creoles,) of the ferocity of the negro characters might be a little exaggerated. Indeed, a very few days convinced me of this fact; nor did it require the experience I had previously, in one of the slave States of America, to satisfy me that negro ferocity was all leather and prunella. In truth, ferocity is bred neither in the bone nor in the flesh of the negro. This all dispassionate men know well, who have studied the negro character.

I was particularly struck with the manner the negroes carry burdens, which is invariably on their heads. This feat they performed with an ease, and I may add, a grace, truly surprising—balancing the load, which is often heavy, without touching it even with a finger. This they are trained to from infancy, both men and women; and on Saturday, which is market-day, the troops of negroes, who come in from the country thus loaded, and all neatly dressed, is an exceedingly agreeable sight. The distances they travel are sometimes very considerable with these loads, consisting of yams, sweet potatoes, fruit, fowls, small pigs, and all sorts of things.

I had the curiosity to weigh one of the wooden trays with its contents, which a negro woman was taking to market, and found it to be 51 pounds full weight, and which she had brought nine miles from a distant parish, balanced as usual upon her head. This habit has had its full and beneficial effect upon the figure of the negroes generally, and is the cause of that uprightness of carriage so peculiar to the whole race; as it is plain, without a certain ease and steadiness of movement, the load upon the head could not be sustained for a moment. To effect this, the figure must move with pliability and ease, and thus the general carriage is improved. So prone are these people to carry all sorts of things upon their heads, that even a letter is usually carried in this way; an empty bottle, or anything else to be transported, is removed in the same manner.

I was received by Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor-General, in the kindest, and I may add, most distinguished manner, on Monday, the 27th of November, and was sworn into office as special magistrate for the island, and at once appointed to by far the most troublesome district in the whole colony. This district, when I undertook its duties, was very extensive, including the whole town of Bridge Town, as well as the entire parish in its vicinity, placing under my charge 15,456 (!!!) apprentices, with their masters and employers. My predecessor having vacated the chair, I occupied it on the 29th, having a very crowded court, many of whom, of course, came out of mere curiosity to see the new magistrate, and find out, if possible, what sort of a thing he was; and hearing perhaps that he was an Irishman, were anxious to know whether he spoke the English language with a brogue or not, whether he had a long tail or a short tail, and so forth. This was quite evident; for upon looking over the list of cases, I found only one complaint to be disposed of. This was brought by a lady's maid against her mistress, for assault and battery. The complainant stated that her mistress, who was a most violent person, was in the constant habit of slapping her upon the chops with or without provocation; and did, the evening before, give her a most severe beating with a sea rod, with which she gave her many stripes; that she kept many of those rods always ready, with which she touched up the men servants, as well as the maid servants, at her pleasure. The figure of the defendant amused me, I must confess. She, in truth, appeared one of the most diminutive, at the same time one of the most accomplished viragos I ever met. She at once acknowledged that she *quietly corrected* her maid, but under gross provocation. This she said she was ready to prove by evidence, to the satisfaction of the court. This she brought up, when two witnesses detailed a scene, entirely unfit to appear in these notes, showing that the most improper and indecent language was used by both, which, to use the defendant's own words, "no *lady of delicacy* could bear." Delicacy, alas! in Slavery!! Delicacy and Slavery, are wholly incompatible; it is impossible, from the very nature of Slavery, that delicacy can exist in the same atmosphere. Under all the circumstances of the case, I fined her delicate ladyship forty shillings, and closed the proceedings. She paid the money down, dropped a sweeping courtesy to the chair, and left the court.

Thus began my campaign in Barbadoes, which certainly was rather of an unusual character; but as it was confined to squibs amongst termigant women, I thought little about it. It had, however, the effect of at once opening my eyes to what I might expect, and most truly was I not disappointed. Indeed, all the passions of our nature, in their worst, and often in their best forms, were constantly brought under my notice, and became to me a serious source of reflection and of arrangement in my own mind, how to comport myself in the coming difficulties, which appeared to surround me on every side.

One of the most serious duties I had at this time to perform, was the organization and training of my small body of police officers, under my own immediate command. Luckily for me, my sergeant was formerly a sergeant of the line, an excellent and steady man. The force at my station consisted of eleven mounted officers and five foot—the sergeant being included in the cavalry, and capitally mounted he always was. This little band gave me more trouble than a thousand regular troops. To an old officer like myself, it was most annoying. These men were all, with the exception of the sergeant, creoles born, principally whites, whose poverty, of course, induced them to enter the police, and which they positively considered as conferring a favour on the public at large. When first I took charge of the district, they were in a miserable state of inefficiency; the horses were in wretched condition, and many so old and broken down, that all the food in the colony would not have improved them. It was useless to give some of them corn; for they had no teeth to eat it with. It therefore required all the address I was master of, to deal with my troops, so as to make them good for anything. The police bill was rotten at the core; so there was no remedy but to plough through.

In such a climate as Barbadoes, where the country is all open, and accessible in every part, the horse is the main arm of a good police force. This was, in fact, defeated by the Bill, which permitted the pauper candidate for the police to be the *purchaser of his horse!* and afterwards to feed or starve him at pleasure. How, then, did the matter stand in practice? A poor fellow applies to be appointed to the cavalry of the police; far as the man goes, he is approved; but when he is called upon to parade his horse to pass review, it is scarcely credible to suppose such an animal could be thought of, as fit to carry an armed man—in a service, too, in which everything connected with it should be of the very best possible description. But what could be done? Nothing. He and his Rosinante must be taken; or none, because those who are able to buy an effective horse will not, of course, condescend to enter the police.

When I took the command of these men, I felt that if I relied upon them thus mounted, I should rest upon a rotten stick; so I did the only thing I could do, which was to induce them to give their horses, such as they were, enough to eat, and put a little strength into them. To encourage them to this, I entered into an advantageous contract for them, for a daily supply of green forage, as well as litter.

It will scarcely be believed, that men so circumstanced could dream of keeping servants to wait upon either themselves or their horses; but so it was, and perhaps one of the best possible tests to estimate regular creole pride by; for I declare it seemed to me, that the poorer the creole is, his pride increases in an astonishing ratio. To see one of my dragoons preparing for duty is a comical, and often a melancholy sight; his uniform hanging upon him, just as it did upon the peg from whence it was taken only a few minutes before; his collar wide open, and his cap stuck upon the back of his head; presenting to a military eye a most curious spectacle. Then to see him dress his hair, or rather comb it, which, with him, is accordingly done. He essays to mount him, while his stirrup is held respectfully by his groom, a ragged black boy, more than half naked. All this was intolerable; and yet I could not by any order of mine, get rid of these nuisances, because those men had the power, by the police bill, *of leaving the establishment altogether by giving a month's notice*; therefore, if any order was given, in the least disagreeable, they were off the ensuing month. Here, then, was a pretty foundation to build a police force upon, which is made still worse by the provisions of the bill, requiring duties to be performed by the existing force entirely out of its power to accomplish, even if the men, both horse and foot, were double their present numbers, and of the best description. This absurd power in the police officers, to leave their corps by giving a month's notice, at *any time they please*, at once destroys all prospect of ultimately having a respectable police force. No man requires longer training than a police officer. It is not sufficient that he knows the use of his arms, but that he should be well acquainted with the country in his neighbourhood, and, if possible, have some knowledge of every bad character in it, so as to be able to put his hand upon him, if necessary, when called upon to do so. How then is it possible, under these circumstances, to create a good police force? It is quite out of the question.

There were fewer resignations of this sort by the men under my command, than by any other detachment in the colony; first, because they were pleased with the manner they were treated under my command; next, I had opportunities of exerting myself often relative to their pay and clothing, which were sometimes in arrear, particularly their clothing. I also introduced Wellington boots for the mounted officers, instead of shoes, which they were before *obliged to wear by law.* An armed mounted man in shoes, sometimes slip-shod, as well as trowsers without straps, is terrible! All this I rectified, to the best of my power.

Communications.

Riot at Niagara—Colony of Coloured People at Queen's Bush, Canada.

We are indebted to a gentleman who has just returned from a journey to Canada, for the following extracts from his journal:—ED.

THE RIOT AT NIAGARA FALLS.—A very unpleasant and disgraceful circumstance took place here on our arrival, which disturbed the whole village. A few more such riots will turn the tide in favour of the *Clifton House, on the Canada side.* A slaveholder and his slave, a girl of twenty-two years of age, arrived here and took lodgings at the Cataract Hotel, where there are a vast number of coloured waiters. The girl made known her situation to one of them, and stated that she was wretched beyond description because of the cruel treatment of her master and mistress. She wished him to convey her to *the Canada side*, where she should be protected by *British laws.* He was determined to free her if possible, but the master watched her so carefully, and kept her so closely confined at night, as to render escape impracticable.

When ready to leave, her master contrived to detain the cars beyond the usual time. This was done to lull the suspicions of the coloured people. He placed the girl in the car, between himself and the window. She was heart-broken when she found she was going back into Slavery. The coloured people attempted to take her out, but were prevented by a mob, who beat them severely. The cars were started in the midst of the scuffle. One of the coloured men jumped on the car, and followed it to Lockport, hoping to liberate the poor girl there. He was unsuccessful.

The same night, about eleven o'clock, several wicked boys began to fire off pistols, without balls. A report was then circulated through town that the blacks had fired on the whites—a statement utterly false, as I saw the whole transaction from beginning to end. Not a coloured man was seen in the street that night. It was merely a pretext to demolish their houses. A few drunken *Irishmen*, ripe for destruction, and several wicked young lads, commenced the work of destroying the little shanties of the poor blacks, and they would have burnt the whole of them if not fearful of setting fire to other houses. The mob made the slave-case a pretext for attacking the coloured people, because they sell beer instead of brandy, and took away the custom from the grog dealers. On Sunday, the 11th, notices in writing were put up in different public places, ordering all the blacks to clear out in twenty-four hours. I told them not to regard these notices, but to keep perfectly quiet. They did so, and here the matter ended. They are still there as numerous as ever. * * * * *

The crops of wheat, corn, and potatoes, are fine in every quarter of this country. (Canada.) This will be one of the most abundant seasons we have had for years. We took the stage from here, (Hamilton,) to Preston, and from there to Waterloo, about forty miles northwest; it is about twenty from here to the Queen's Bush. Here we were imposed on for the first time, and this by a Dutchman. He charged us double fare, and did not, in the end, fulfil his contract to carry us back to Preston, in consequence of which we had to travel all night, in an open wagon, back to Hamilton.

THE QUEEN'S BUSH.—We were told by this man when we started that it was but fourteen miles, but it was all of twenty. We met several of the coloured people from there, with scythes, going to work for the farmers. They get one dollar a day and their meals. With the harvest many buy pigs, and cows, &c. They were rejoiced to see us—made bitter complaints about the distribution of the money and clothes sent on by their kind friends in the States. They hoped we would be more careful in future who we made our agents in Canada.

Night came upon us in a lonely wilderness. We told the driver to stop at the first house he came to. He did, but all were fast asleep. The owner of the house thought we were robbers, but he soon found out that though we wore black coats, we were not robbers of either the dead or the living,* but ministers of Jesus, on a mission of mercy to the poor coloured settlers. He happened to be of the same order himself and made us welcome to sit up all night by the fire, as he had no bed for us to rest on. We could count the stars through the roof, and see the moon through the sides of his poor log-cabin.

Next morning at day-break we prepared for our journey, but not until we washed our faces in a pool of water, and wiped them with our pocket handkerchiefs, as there are neither basins, pails, nor towels here.

At 5 o'clock we asked our host how far it was to Miss Coughbrun's; he replied just five miles and a half. We travelled till eight, and were almost certain we were near there, when we came to a house, and again inquired the distance. The reply was—six and a half miles. We kept on, in a zig-zag course, sometimes right and sometimes wrong, until about ten o'clock, A. M. when we had the pleasure of a shake of the hand, and a warm welcome from Miss Coburn.

Her school for the coloured children is large and flourishing. She has a good house and farm, and the comforts of life about her. Mr. Brooks, a young minister, has a good farm also, and a noble school-house, which is fit for a church, or a large dwelling. It is situated about three miles from Miss C's. My companion, Mr. Harris, is a most generous and benevolent soul. I believe he would give the very coat off his back to a poor man who had none, and go home himself without one. His purse was out all the time to help these poor settlers.

We never before travelled such a miserable road as that of the Queen's Bush; what, between stumps, stones, rail-bridges, made of trees laid crossways, swamps, and gullies, we were shaken almost to death.

THE COLOURED PEOPLE.—Many of these poor creatures are disabled for life, through the treatment of their cruel masters and pursuers, when trying to escape to Canada. Some want an eye, others an ear, some a hand, foot, leg, arm; some have broken noses, others their teeth knocked out; several have rifle-balls and buck-shot lodged in different parts of their bodies. One man when trying to escape was fired at *fifteen times*, and but one ball took effect. It lodged in his leg and remains there to this moment. Some were branded with red-hot irons, and others whipped almost to death. Mr. Hunter, the preacher, had both his ears broken by his inhuman master. It was done with a rail. Some of the settlers had, at first, to endure great privations, without food, raiment, money, or friends. They went to work like men, and now have good farms, and good houses, pigs, poultry, and cows. Some are perfectly happy and contented, and some industrious and honest. The white people speak of them in the most commendable terms. Some of them state that when they first came into the settlement they had nothing but an axe, a hoe, and a spade.—They had to cut down a tree, hollow it out in the middle, lay down in it in the dead of the winter, and sleep there all night, with a log of wood laid crossways for a pillow, and this without even a blanket or quilt to cover them. They had to live on field beans and a few potatoes which their neighbours sent to them, without milk, butter, bread, meat, or even a grain of salt; and yet they never murmured as they were now their own masters, and were not afraid of the lash, the rifle, or the blood-hound. The women also handle the axe in clearing the land, just as well as the men. An aged man and his wife who escaped here through Mr. Torrey, stated that when on their way, Mr. Torrey and themselves, for ten days, lived on grass in the woods and asked God's blessing on it as it saved them from starvation. When this noble martyr's name was mentioned, they burst forth into a flood of tears.—Though dead, he is still alive in the hearts of thousands. A difficulty still exists with the settlers. Many of them have not paid, as yet, their first instalment, and are likely to lose their lands, which are of the very best quality, and on which they have made great improvements. When a selection of one hundred acres is made, fifty dollars must be paid, to secure the title. If a house is put up, then the improvement is equal to the instalment, and the land company is easy. But when fifteen or twenty acres are cleared in addition, there is danger that the settler will lose his improvements. This is what the white man wants. He will offer one hundred and fifty dollars for the land and the improvements—a temptation to the land company which is not often resisted. The poor coloured man is thus turned out of his house and home.

To meet this difficulty, our Christian and benevolent brethren should go to work and raise $1,000, which will clear the whole settlement. The settlers will then have ten years to pay the remainder. This money should be sent by a proper agent to Toronto, who would pay it over and take out the certificates.

CLOTHING.—This they want very much, and will be grateful if some are sent on this season, by the way of Oswego, to the care of Captain D. C. Gunn, Hamilton, who will forward them to Miss Coburn. This gentleman is a member of the Corporation, a man of high standing, and an Abolitionist. He is the person who took up the first load of slaves to the Queen's Bush, and is a forwarding merchant.

* Our correspondent, we presume, is referring to the moral blackness of all sorts of robbers, and does not mean to make any irreverent insinuations in regard to his clerical brethren.—[ED.

Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Fidelity and Infidelity.

UNIONVILLE, July 18, 1847.

I suppose we may look back to the Jewish nation as a pattern of fidelity. Moses and their elders had laid down certain rites and ceremonies, and rules of moral action, which, not to observe, was downright Infidelity, and cause for excommunication. Some of which are the following:—"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." "Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy." This principle breathed out such feelings as the following: "Blessed be the Lord God, who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that dasheth thy little ones against the stones." Again, they taught that the material substance, applied to the material, would pollute or cleanse the immaterial. For example: They were polluted by eating, or touching certain kinds of food, and cleansed by the application of water.

About the year of our Lord 30, a reformer appeared among them, who taught, that instead of rendering like evils, it was better not to resist evil, but contrariwise, if smitten on the one side to turn the other also, and that to love their brethren *only*, was making no advance in moral excellence above the surrounding nations, whom they despised, and that they would get into the Kingdom of Heaven first; and that in no case would any get there except their righteousness exceeded the righteousness of their leaders; and that as God sent rain upon the evil and the good, so they, to be children of God, must pass on beyond the line of party distinction or personal hostility, and by acts of charity or love, evince that they are not illegitimates. This called down the wrath of the Fidelity. They declared his doctrines Infidel to the nation's interest, and if let alone, and suffered to prevail, the Romans would come and take away both their place and nation.

The very existence of their nation, and the law of Moses, to whom they knew God spoke, required that such an Infidel should be put out of the way. The holy love of God he had violated by healing upon the Sabbath, and had shown contempt to those leaders whom God had appointed to take charge of the ordinances of his house, and now every one that cared about the cause of God, and the institutions of their fathers, were called upon to make vigorous exertion to put down such a notorious Infidel. Thus this great reformer continued to propagate his principles in the midst of approbation and disapprobation, only shielded from actual violence by public opinion, until they caught him in the night, and then by a mock trial compassed his overthrow. He clinging fast to the principle he had laid down, not to resist evil, and declaring to the last that his object in the world was to bear witness to the truth. I have said that the Fidelity taught that the material applied to the material would pollute or cleanse the immaterial. That is, that it was sin to eat with the uncircumcised or unwashed hands, and that water or blood will purify. In opposition to this Jesus practiced and taught that not that which is applied to the man, nor that which entereth into the man defileth the man, but that which cometh out of the man defileth the man, such as evil thoughts, murders, fornication, theft, and foolishness. These defile the man.

Thus in brief, is stated the Fidelity and Infidelity of ancient times, and next we will see how they correspond with the Fidelity and Infidelity of the nineteenth century, and see if self-defence, and to pay back in the same coin, is not the ruling principle of the day. How few have any principle higher than to do as they are done by, instead of doing as they would be done by. A common motto is: Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must—First union, then righteousness, if we can. First justification, then sanctification. Marked evidence of these positions, we find, not only in the small associations, but also in the large associations of our land. For example. The acting Assemblies of the ecclesiastical bodies of our land; the Evangelical Alliance, and the three great political parties of the land, which includes all the Church, of course, hold union to be the thing of greatest price. Their motto is: Slavery in, or Slavery out—I go for the Union. Union stands before righteousness, and to show to the world that we are determined to stand by this Union, we have a day set apart every year to throw fire and brimstone, in token of what we would do, if any enemy dared to oppose. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, after fasting and prayer, rendered public thanks to Almighty God that they were so manifestly guided by the Holy Ghost, in relinquishing the discussion of the subject of righteousness for the sake of union. Proofs of this position, might be quoted to almost any extent.

While those in former times, who threw off *some* of the chains of superstition, as Luther, and others, are spoken of in terms of highest approbation, the Fidelity, by association, and other plausible means, are trying to cramp down the mind to a settled standard, forbiding it to soar beyond the fathers. One noble exception to the above, we find in the Oberlin Evangelist, of July 7, by the editor. After describing the folly of past centuries, in depending on external and internal applications to chase away sin, he makes this noble admission: "It is a still further work to root out thoroughly, the notion that sin can ever be in flesh and blood, or anywhere else but in the voluntary powers and functions of the soul." If sin lies in the voluntary powers, then it is the voluntary powers that have got to be redeemed. Let that brother stand here, and make his observation, till the echo responds from East to West, from North to South. Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in. The modern Fidelity hold also, not only that the material applied to the material will cleanse the immaterial, but that faith only can make it efficacious. The ancient Fidelity prayed to be seen of men. The modern Fidelity proclaim their prayer-meetings from the desk, and urge attendance.

In opposition to the above principles, a set of Infidels are coming up over the land, like the frogs of Egypt, saying: Resist not evil. No union with unrighteousness. First righteousness, then union. First purity, then justification. First cleanse the fountain, then the streams will be clean. Nothing material can cleanse the immaterial. To give the fruit of the body, for the sin of the soul, will not be accepted. No sacrifice or offering, is of any avail. But this only, hath the Lord required, to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before him. While the Fidelity expect to be forgiven, on account of what a substitute has done, the Infidelity expect forgiveness as they forgive others, because if they forgive not men their trespasses, neither do they expect to be forgiven by their Heavenly Father. For such preaching, they are dragged out of meeting-houses; hauled before Councils; shut up in prisons; burnt in effigy, &c. &c. The great burden of the prayer-meetings of the present day, seems to be to call in the aid of the Holy Ghost to unite the hearts of the Fidelity. The same object for which the General Assembly, and Evangelical Alliance sought the aid of the Holy Ghost with success. Whereas, Jesus Christ says, the office of the Holy Ghost is, to reprove of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Not to unite hearts in wickedness.

P. PIXLEY.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1847.

The Irish and American Unitarians.

The Christian Register, and Christian World, (Boston,) of last week, contain a communication from the Rev. Mr. Gannett, in which is comprised a letter of the Secretary of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, transmitting a resolution of that body, and a letter of Mr. Gannett in reply. The first is as follows:

"3 CALRAGH TERRACE, }
Dublin, Ireland, 31 May, 1847. }

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:—By direction of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, I forward on the other side, a copy of a resolution passed at their annual meeting on the 10th instant, and am,

Yours, sincerely and respectfully,
GEORGE A. ARMSTRONG, *Secretary.*

"Resolved, That we deeply regret the want of courtesy evinced by our Unitarian brethren in America, in not replying to either of our two addresses, forwarded to them through Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, within the past three years. That such discourtesy is peculiarly painful to our feelings, because we feel ourselves constrained to believe that it has been caused by the plain and honest expressions of our abhorrence of Slavery, which were embodied in those communications. That, if there were more in these expressions of our sentiments, than our American brethren were willing or able to bear, their weakness in this respect affords a further proof of the necessity and value of our remonstrances. That it is a cause of unfeigned sorrow to us to be compelled to believe that any who profess the pure principles of Unitarian Christianity, should contaminate themselves by any connection, direct or indirect, with a system which dishonours God, which degrades man, which disgraces humanity, and which, so long as it is persisted in, must retard the spread of Christianity upon earth. That we earnestly and affectionately implore our brethren seriously to reflect on their responsibility to God in this important matter; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded by our Secretary to Rev. Dr. Gannett, of Boston, with a request that he will communicate the same to the Unitarian associations of the United States of America."

This resolution, Mr. Gannett sends to the Unitarian papers, as the most direct way of communicating it to the Unitarian Association. He is not willing, however, that it should go before the public, without "vindicating" himself "from the imputation which is cast

an address would there not have been found among the clergy of the Society, one, or more than one, who would have felt it his duty to bring the subject before the body, where it could be acted upon by the Unitarians in their associate capacity? We fear an affirmative answer must be given to all these questions.

The converse of the proposition, that corporations have no souls, seems to be growing into credit among Unitarians, and that theirs can be a soul without a corporation. They doubtless believe that theirs is a spiritual Church, and of infinite importance to the well-being of the world. But the bodily, the outward Church of the denomination, it seems difficult to find; at least, when wanted for certain purposes. For the missionary operations of the Association at the South and West, there is, we know, money received and disbursed by responsible persons. And if a comfortable legacy is left to it, somebody always promptly appears as the representative of the Association. But if the vexed and vexing question of Slavery come up in any way, the Unitarian body is dissolved at once into its original elements, and there stands before us a number of the most urbane and amiable men, who are only responsible for their individual actions, who do not hold themselves as by any means concerned for the character of the body, and decline answering any troublesome questions in relation to it. The recent case of the invitation of certain Unitarian clergymen in Boston to their brethren in Great Britain and Ireland, is a case in point. The invitation was to the brethren in these countries to attend the meetings of the Association in this. It had an official look, and was very naturally deemed by the friends abroad as clothed with official authority. Accordingly it was brought before them in Association, and the character of the body from which it appeared to come, was very properly examined. But when the particulars of that discussion were known in this country, the American Unitarian Association had melted into thin air, and in its place stood several indignant clergymen, struck almost dumb with astonishment that the character of their act should be questioned, and their private civility be made a subject of public animadversion.

So in the case before us, the same convenient method of existence obtains, though shown in another way. The Association in Ireland attempts to speak to the body here. Its communication goes into the public prints, but never finds the Society it seeks. It complains of the indignity with which it is treated, and its complaint meets with the same reception, while up starts an individual, and in indignant remonstrance demands that justice shall be done him for the imputation upon his character. We should think the Unitarians of Great Britain and Ireland would be by this time sadly puzzled. At one time the Association disappears, and irresponsible individuals arise in its place; at another, an individual appears as responsible for the Association, and demands that any complaint of it shall be retracted, because it reflects upon him. We wish it were in our power to furnish our Irish friends with the talismanic word, which would successfully conjure up the American Association before them.

There is evidently, however, a fault somewhere. The fact, we presume, is that the American Association has purposely avoided any notice of the Irish addresses, for they certainly have been made public enough if there had been any wish to reply to them. We hope the matter will now receive the attention it deserves. An impression prevails abroad that the American Unitarians are in a pro-slavery position. If it is erroneous is it not worth while to correct it? The evidence has heretofore been against them. The published opinions of such men as Dr. Dewey, of this city, and Mr. Putnam, of Roxbury, Mass. are enough to compromise the character of a body which still holds them in high esteem. The removal of Dr. Whittredge from the Vice-Presidency of the Association, though done in a somewhat left-handed fashion, may do something, perhaps, to give that body a better reputation abroad. But something more is necessary. We hope that the really anti-slavery men—and there are many of them among the Unitarian clergy—will not longer rest easy under the imputation which is cast upon them. Let it be settled what the character of the body really is. We do not doubt that such an effort from such men as many we could name, would either divide the denomination, or give it an influence and a reputation in the Anti-Slavery cause, which is not now possessed by any other sect.

The Express and the Brazilian Slaves.

Among the names of the subscribers to the Declaration of Sentiments made by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in 1833, is one, around which some pious hand, jealous of the honour of the signers to the later and truly glorious Declaration of Independence, has drawn four deep black lines; and at the bottom of the page as a note to the name, is written in a strong firm hand, and doubtless the same that drew the lines, the word APOSTATIZED!

We will not give the name. It was borne by one who was, perhaps, before all others, the moving spirit in the struggles and trials that led to the American Revolution. We have good reason for blushing that it should have ever fallen to a traitor to liberty, and for feeling a strong reluctance to proclaiming the fact to the world.

This apostate to the principles of the American Society is connected with the New-York Express. Whether he is the exclusive pro-slavery editor of that paper, or whether he has only found his place there, from a natural affinity with a pro-slavery establishment, we do not know. At any rate, the uniform tone of the Express on the question of Anti-Slavery is always characterized by a bitterness which we should expect from one who had betrayed the cause, and very frequently by an ignorance which could only belong to one who hated it too much to understand it.

The Express of Friday contains an article which is peculiarly characteristic. It is upon the Brazilian Slave-Case. After stating the facts,—the arrival of the slaves—the issue of the writ—the return thereto—the decision of Judge Daly, and the issue of a new writ,—it proceeds:

These, we believe, are the leading facts in this singular case, so far. And we now desire to say, by way of comment upon them, that it is deeply to be deplored that, in the existing state of our relations with Brazil, this new matter should have intervened in such a way as to embroil us still further. When any such case occurs in this city, and Northern and Southern citizens only are parties thereto, it is not a matter of such serious importance, inasmuch as no questions of international law are involved, while all who are concerned inhabit the same country, and all the proceedings had are in obedience to our own laws. But this case is entirely different. Our relations with Brazil have been seriously disarranged by the fool-hardy conduct of Mr. Henry A. Wise, our Minister at that Court, and *their* Ambassador at Washington has been recalled home, in consequence of the disaffection occasioned by his course in relation to the matter in dispute. It is therefore to be deeply deplored, as we before remarked, that any new question should arise and embitter the already aggrieved feelings of Brazil towards our Government and institutions.

The decision of Judge Daly, last week, to the effect that the two men should be returned to their owner, as forming part of the crew—regard being had to the laws of Brazil on that point, (which, it is understood, require the master to return them,) strikes us as being manifestly just and proper: and we venture to add the hope that the same course will be pursued by Judge Edmonds today, so far as is in his power; for, if we understand aright, he does not propose to review the proceedings before Judge Daly, and indeed expressly disclaims the power of so doing. The principal point at issue, we believe, is in regard to the "new matter" that is to be brought forward.

There is, besides, no "crying injustice" in this case, that we are aware of. The whole proceeding has been instituted by the Abolitionists, in pursuance of that blind love of uproar and mischief which they so often evince, and which, in this case, we hope is destined to encounter a rebuke. The averment as to the alleged "cruel treatment" has not as yet been substantiated, and is not a little at variance, it strikes us, with the happy demeanour which they evinced while in attendance, last week, or with the contented condition of the woman in the case.

It is worthy of remark here, too, that the negroes know nothing of what is going on, and care nothing—except to get out of the Eldridge street jail, where the Abolitionists have got them. This is proved by the admission, now, that Mr. Hopper, the Abolitionist, instituted the proceedings before Judge Daly without the knowledge or consent of the negroes, and their present disclaimer of his agency, the fact, however, being that he then admitted the case away,—an error that the counsel are now trying to correct; while in point of fact the same Mr. Hopper is as much the plaintiff in the proceedings before Judge Edmonds as before Judge Daly! If the negroes are turned loose upon us here, the Abolitionists will be the last to feed and clothe them, and will immediately leave them, as they generally do, a prey, in their ignorance and imbecility, to crime, or victims for the Almshouse. Such, however, is their "philanthropy."

Of course, the sympathy of the Express is with slave-trading Brazil. Both these slaves aver that they are native Africans, and were stolen from their own land.—No doubt they tell the truth. The Peculiar Institution in Brazil has not yet reached the point where a protective tariff is expedient. As yet it cannot permit children to be born. It is more profitable to import slaves than to raise them. Over such a state of things, the Express will smack its lips. It may conjure up a picture of an African hut nestling among the palm-trees and the cocoa-nut of an African climate—the midnight stillness and the peace of the scene broken by the cries of a hostile tribe—the shrieks of the wounded and the dying—the bright glare of the burning cabin—the last agonizing moan of the mother who has only strength enough to see and understand that her children are saved from death, for a worse than death—the negro's hell—American Slavery;—and turning then to the men here in New-York, who were the children so stolen, and who from that fearful experience of their childhood, to this moment, have been Brazilian slaves,—our humane and Christian contemporary has a picture to gloat its eyes upon, which, considering its instincts and its principles, must make it peculiarly anxious that the supremacy of Brazilian law should be asserted in New-York. It may be, it is true, that the act of bringing these men here at all is contrary, at least, to the spirit of that "sentimental legislation," which would, were Captain da Costa an American, hang him up—or rather say he *should be* hung—as high as Haman. But the very thought, that were he in the Captain's place, he would be exposed to such peril, only enhances to the editor of the Express, his interest in the case. Every added circumstance of atrocity seems to make him the more anxious for a result favourable to Slavery. A common case of a Southern fugitive, will set him growling like a dog over a cherished bone. But one which involves so much as this—Brazilian slaves,—and more than that, probably stolen Africans!—and the scent of such prey is as sweet to him as the smell of blood to a vulture, or carrion to the wolf. No wonder it fears offending the prejudices of Brazil against "*our* Government and *our* institutions"—Heaven save the mark! What else can we hope from the Express than that it should advocate sending back these men to Brazilian bondage, lest the slave-traders of that country should believe that the United States is wanting in respect and sympathy for the manner in which Brazil supplies her human shambles?

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!

THAT ON TUESDAY, THE 13th OF JULY, 1847, TWO WOMEN WERE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, AND THE PROCEEDS OF THE SALE DEPOSITED IN THE TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES!

New Papers.

THE BROADWAY JOURNAL AND STRANGER'S GUIDE.—We advise our country friends, visiting New-York, to provide themselves with a number of the Broadway Journal, when they get here, if they are not familiar with the city. It is not only a good newspaper, but it contains upon the first page a map of the city, with the names of the streets alphabetically arranged, and with references, so that at a glance, the situation of any street may be found. It is published by Berford & Co. No. 2, Astor House.

THE EUROPEAN NEWS, the third number of which has appeared, is an excellent summary of foreign intelligence—Published by H. Kimber, and J. Finn, 31 Ann street.

THE BRAZILIAN SLAVE CASE.—No decision is yet made in this case. The slaves are still in the custody of the Sheriff, and are well cared for; in the hope of regaining their freedom, they are happier probably than they have ever been before. The hearing of the argument has been delayed to meet the wishes of Judge Edmonds, who advised that the case be brought before him and his Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. We have no fear of an unfavourable result.

The Sale of Women at the Capital.

We call the especial attention of our readers to the account, in another column, from the Boston Whig of the NATIONAL SLAVE-AUCTION at Washington.

We learn from the Era that certain humane persons bought this mother and daughter for the purpose of redeeming them from bondage, and preventing their separation. This, however, does not alter the fact, that they were sold FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE UNITED STATES, and that the PRICE OF BLOOD was put into the United States Treasury. Glorious Republic! in whose Capital, and by whose order, women are sold at public auction, in the broad light of day! Glorious Union! under which such things are done!

Correction.

The *Anti-Slavery Standard* corrects its statement concerning the prefatory remarks to the letter of a Presbyter of South Carolina, and then reminds us that we did it injustice in saying that it never credited the *Era* with Judge Woodbury's charge. We stand corrected.

And now, we submit to our contemporary of the *Standard*, whether this profitless passage at arms between us does not strikingly show the folly of being captious, and in haste to condemn.—*National Era.*

Certainly, captiousness, and a haste to condemn, are always foolish and wrong, but, in the present case, we are not conscious of having been guilty of either. We submit to the Era whether he has put us in a true position before its readers, after having accused us of deliberate fraud, and intentional injustice. The mistake in relation to the "prefatory remarks," we were led into by the Era's own negligence, and the omitted credit was an unintentional error corrected as soon as it was pointed out.

THE HAMILTON STUDENT, a Liberty party paper, published at Hamilton, has changed its name to *Christian Reformer*. The paper is edited by George G. Ritchie, who was expelled last winter from the Theological Institution at Hamilton for introducing the subject of Anti-Slavery into his paper contrary to the advice and wishes of the Faculty.

MRS. NICHOLSON'S BOOK.—"Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," some account of which was given in the letter of our Dublin Correspondent last week, is we understand about to be republished in this city. It will be looked for with much interest.

☞ Will the Albany Patriot have the goodness to tell us where it got "an excellent letter from Alfred Wells, to John Marsh," which it published in its last number?

"AS WE ARE, WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN."—The article on our first page, with the above title, is an instance of how the Examiner talks to the slaveholders and non-slaveholders of Kentucky. Facts so clearly and forcibly, and so calmly stated, will be sure to tell on all who think among the Southern readers of that paper.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—We are sure that there is no necessity of reminding our readers of Pennsylvania, the meeting at Morristown on Wednesday next. Perhaps it would be wiser to urge the people to stay at home, rather than to go, for we are certain that there will a crowd there with which Morristown will be puzzled to know what to do. All who do stay away, however, will be probably be very sorry for it.

Notes on New Books.

Christian Examiner—No. 22, July. We open this Review always with great interest, as the organ of an influential and intellectual class, and with the certainty of getting at, through its pages, the most respectable public opinion in New England. We are sure too of finding in it always some pleasant reading. The articles upon Wesley and Luther, in the present number, are written in a lively and attractive style.

That upon the American Royalists is of great historical value, and absorbing interest to those who are impartial enough to see anything else in the history of the American Revolution, than that which redounds to the of the American Loyalists.

The publication in the Examiner of the Dudlean Lecture entire by Mr. Furness, is an index in some degree to the present theological position of the Unitarians of New England. Its bold assertion of the essential character of glory of the arms of the Colonists." It is a pity that the writer of this article had not himself been the historian Christianity surprised us, not as coming from him, but as spoken in the Chapel at Cambridge, and re-uttered in the Examiner. It is substantial evidence that the Unitarians have not yet lost the distinctive characteristic of Liberal Christianity. All who will rejoice at such evidence, will read also with pleasure an article over the initials of the Rev. Mr. Gannett. Though we are far from assenting to much that he says, we rejoice in the enlarged and enlightened view which he takes of the characters of the reformers of our day, and the present aspect of reform. The Examiner is published by W. Crosby, Boston.

Literary Emporium.—The first number of the fifth volume of this magazine is before us. It is embellished with two beautiful engravings, and contains several well-written original articles. The selections are judicious, and are from the writings of well-known and favourite writers. The tone of the Emporium is in the main religious, and is doubtless a valuable publication for that class of readers who feel the want of such books.

Fuller and Wayland on Slavery.—Lewis Colby & Co. have published a second edition of this work. It is too well known to need any extended notice. As an exponent of the popular feeling on the subject of Slavery, it is of great value, and fifty years hence will be deemed a singular production. Dr. Wayland says in the preface, that had Dr. Channing lived, the duty of "defending what both believed, would have fallen into abler hands." That it would have received also very different treatment, we are firmly persuaded.

Charles Linn,—or How to Observe the Golden Rule—with other stories. By Emily Chubbuck. Lewis Colby & Co. 122 Nassau street.

This is a series of tales, designed to teach moral and religious truths in an attractive way. They are very good for their kind, but of a kind not to our liking.—There is moral and religious truth enough, and need enough for teaching it, but it is better commended to the young mind, when not mixed up with theological dogmas. Charles Linn, however, is a very good boy, though a very strict pattern after his father, an orthodox clergyman. Those who want such books for their children will find the best of them at the Messrs. Colbys' counter.

Howitt's Journal.—Mr. and Mrs. Howitt succeed in making their Journal an interesting publication. Their list of contributors embraces some distinguished names, and the articles generally are able and excellent. The engravings are of a high order of their class. The agents in this country are the same as for Saunder's Journal.

Saunders' People's Journal.—We have received the July number of this valuable periodical. It compares most favourably with any of its predecessors. The engravings are capital. That of a bust of O'Connell seems to us the best picture we have ever seen of the Liberator. It is accompanied by brief biographical sketches of his life and character by two different hands. A paper on Manchester, by H. Dixon, and a series of essays on the treatment of crime, are among the most valuable articles in this number. Mr. Saunders announces a series of sketches from the Holy Land, by Harriet Martineau, as to appear immediately in the Journal. Crosby & Nichols, Washington street, Boston, are the agents in this country, and Francis & Co. and Burgess & Stringer, for New-York.

From our Baltimore Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, July 25th, 1847.

Were I to improve every text that presents itself, in this city, of late, and calls loudly for a passing word, I should have business sufficient for every leisure moment. To expose the hypocrisy of the so called *Christians* of this community, would of itself be a constant theme for an abler pen. The unchristian practice of the priesthood, delivering what are termed: "Highly Christian and patriotic sermons," Fourth of July sermons, sermons to soldiers, &c. have been all the rage of late. The 4th instant falling on Sunday, afforded a fine opportunity, and was generally improved, by our city clergy to show their patriotism, and give the war spirit a little "aid and comfort." The laity, too, are doing their part to keep alive the demon spirit of war. Several very costly swords have been presented to the returned volunteers, some of whom, by their inebriety, and utter worthlessness, had rendered themselves outcasts from society. They have not only been reinstated into favour, but public meetings have been called to present them with that very Christian implement—a sword. The city papers have teemed with the descriptions of these highly-wrought blades, richly mounted with gold, and set with diamonds, all at a cost of from two to three hundred dollars—and extolling the services of these dupes of Uncle Sam, who complain bitterly of their treatment by him, which has retarded their volunteering not a little. But a few swords more will heal the whole difficulty. I, of course, would not wish to insinuate that Uncle Sam is compromising for his neglect of their comforts while in Mexico, by *paying* for swords to be presented to them, because I don't know it! But a little excitement by the affair is taken advantage of, to drum up more volunteers, and as a consequence, one company has just left for "the seat of war," and a second is soon to follow it.

The *Government* organ in this city, *The Sun*, is an efficient help in raising volunteers, and helping forward the dirty work of the Administration. In a recent leading editorial, bearing the caption of "National Power," after discoursing upon our position among the nations of the earth, and bragging up ours not a little, he speaks of our relations with the different powers, among the rest that of Brazil, in which I find the following paragraph:

"A rupture has occurred, and negotiation must ensue. By no means to help the matter, New-York has just laid hold of several slaves belonging to citizens of Brazil, who entered that port, and will probably undertake to set them free, in direct violation of an existing treaty between this country and Brazil. To do this, however, New-York must exalt her jurisdiction over the authority of the General Government: but if she should involve the country in war with Brazil, in consequence thereof, who, let us ask, is to do the fighting?"

Is n't this an unanswerable question?

The Sun man would intimate by this, as I view it, that the South would not help in such a war, and consequently the North would be in a fix. Does this renegade Yankee want to be told that more than three-fourths of the money to defray the expenses of the present war with Mexico, to make room for millions of slaves, comes from the free States? Mr. Polk can involve the nation in war for the extension of Slavery, and if any man dare utter a word against it, the Sun is the first to cry, "traitor."—But let the North liberate *three* slaves, and she must abide the consequences, and in case it led to a war, the whole South would be traitors. This Sun is the most pandering, money-serving sheet in the whole country, unless we except the Philadelphia Ledger, which belongs to the same "& Co." and by-the-by they being in a free State would be found serviceable for the almighty dollar, if New-York should involve us in a war with Brazil.

In my last, I mentioned the fact that Dr. Fuller, of South Carolina, was to become pastor of the Baptist Church in this city. The new church which was built for him is to be dedicated next Sunday. Meanwhile he has been preaching about the city in different churches, and I have done penance by going through the scorching sun, and remaining in densely jammed churches to hear him, as my curiosity was somewhat excited on account of the recent discussions between him and Dr. Wayland on Slavery. He owns, at present, about one hundred slaves, nine of which he brought to the city as *house servants*.—All right,—any way to help forward the Church. All these, he says, belongs to his Church. But the Doctor is in a fix; they have no "nigger seats" in the *new* church, at which the Doctor expressed himself dissatisfied, and was not appeased when told by one of his flock, that "coloured people have churches of their own."

As a preacher, Dr. Fuller is quite an ingenious one.—A man of some talent, his style of preaching is very similar to "that pious and devout man of God," Elder Knapp, without any of his vulgar expressions. His appeals are entirely to the passions, by means of which he is said to turn out large numbers of converts.

An exciting affair occurred here yesterday, in the cowhiding of the editor of a penny paper called the "Bee," by one of the proprietors of a well-known hotel. The alleged cause was a paragraph in the "Bee," which insinuated that the hotel-keeper had been guilty of seducing a young girl from the country. It is certain that a young woman from Elkton, Maryland, who came to town to visit a sister, has been decoyed into a house of ill-fame, and kept there, but whether the guilty party was rightly designated by the Bee is the question. The affair is to undergo legal investigation.

We have nothing but rain here of late, except you call it a matter of some moment to have the thermometer at 90, and upwards between showers.

Yours, &c. N.

To Correspondents.

I. S. of M. The money was never received. We have, however, credited him two years in advance.

D. H W. His experience is interesting. We are not sure whether his letter is meant for publication, but presume it not to be from the business character of some portions of it. We should be glad to receive communications from him occasionally, as he finds time and topics.

V. N. We have received the book, and will read it. When read it shall be noticed, though we have ceased to feel much interest in speculations of this sort. We think our time is better employed in using known remedies for the evils by which we are surrounded, than in seeking some universal panacea in vague theories, however ingenious. *Work*, not *words*, is what the world needs.

E. Q. He shall know all about it, if we ever have another half-hour's leisure.

J. M. M'K. Surprised at the statement, or the manner of it—which?

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Labour-Worship. *Miscellany*: Toussaint, (Continued); Daily Bread—and Daily Vermin; Death; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Peculiar Institution*: Religious Instruction of the Coloured Population; Treatment of Blacks in Maryland. *Pro-Slavery*: Strike in Virginia *vs.* Slave-Labour. *Selections*: Letter from Ohio; As we are—What we might have been; Letter from J. W. Walker; The Emancipated Slaves of Jamaica; Philanthropy Pleading for Peace with Mexico.

SECOND PAGE.—The Voters of Massachusetts; Letter from J. C. Calhoun: West India Emancipation; *Communications*: Riot at Niagara—Colony at Queen's Bush, Canada; Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Fidelity and Infidelity.

Married,

At Port Chester, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. Peter S. Chauncey, Mr. CLAUDIUS B. HALL to Miss ANNE V. PERRY, both of Southport, Ct.

In Walcott, Bath, England, June 30, by Rev. George Hawkin, Rector of Hornington, Suffolk, W. G. VILLIERS VILLIERS, Esq. eldest son of the late G. W. Villiers Villiers, to NORAH FRANCES SHERIDAN, youngest daughter of the late Tyrone Power, Esq.

Died,

June 23d, at Hazle Green, W. T. near Galena, Ill. of congestive fever, Mrs. SARAH L. SHOTWELL, aged 34 years, wife of Mr. Jacob Shotwell, and daughter of Isaac Newhall, Esq. of Lynn.

In South Abington, (Mass.) 14th instant, MARY RIPLEY, wife of H. H. Brigham, and eldest daughter of Captain John Corthell, aged 29.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from July 19th, to 26th, 1847.

A Roberts, Rose Valley, N. Y.		$1 00
John Mitchell, Port Byron,	"	1 00
John Johnson, Kirtland, O.		1 00
Henry King, North Chester, Mass.		2 00
Daniel Pound, Prarie du Sac, Wis.		1 00
Joseph Elias, Painesville, O.		1 00
B. B. Davis, Salem,	"	1 00
Jesse Hise,	" "	1 00
Joseph Savage, Syracuse, N. Y.		1 00
Wm. Lewis, Stamford, Ct.		1 00
R. Peabody, Waterford, Vt.		1 00
Kingsley Mason, Mottville, N. Y.		1 00
Samuel Martin,	" "	1 00
Orestes Sanford, Camden, N. Y.		1 00
Charles Wheeler,	" "	1 00
Varnum Dunton, McConnelsville, N. Y.		1 00
Joseph Halstead, Vienna,	"	1 00
G. W. Covill,	" "	1 00
Eliza Sheldon, Farmington,	"	1 00
Charles Jaffreys, Manchester,	"	1 00
Lydia Dodge, Palmyra,	"	1 00
Clarisa Foster, New Bedford, Mass.		1 00
John Warner, So. Westport,	"	1 00
R. Clapp, Dorchester,	"	3 00
Nathan Soule, Duxbury,	"	3 00
Miss Stetson, Charlestown,	"	1 00
Charles A. Taft, Uxbridge,	"	1 00
Wm. Coe, Medfield,	"	1 00
Origen Steele, Webster,	"	2 00
Mrs. Samuel May, Boston,	"	2 00
John Blackledge, Woodsfield, O.		3 00
Isaac Hathaway, Portsmouth, R. I.		4 00
Hardin Fiske, Fiskville,	"	3 25
John Brown, E. Greenwich,	"	1 00
John J. Kelton, Coventry,	"	1 50
Sarah Harris, Fall River, Mass.		2 00
Mary Pratt, Providence, R. I.		1 00
Thomas B. Fenner,	"	0 45
H. B. Shaw,	"	1 50
F. Brown, Jr.,	"	2 80
Isaac Hale,	"	2 50
Israel Wilson,	"	3 00
Cyril Babcock,	"	3 00
Daniel Robinson,	"	1 50
S. K. Rathbone,	"	1 50
Joseph Arnold,	"	2 50
Henry Bacon,	"	1 00
George Williams,	"	1 00
J. Cheever,	"	1 00
Henry A. Howland,	"	1 00
		73 50

DONATIONS.

S. H. M. Rogers, New-York, Pledge,		5 00
		5 00
Total Amount,		$78 50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

CIRCULAR.

TO THOSE IN RHODE ISLAND WHO LOVE LIBERTY.

PROVIDENCE, JUNE 8, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS.—Taking courage from your past willingness and liberality to afford "aid and comfort" to those labouring for the oppressed, we solicit your contributions, for our next Annual Fair, to be holden in this city, on Wednesday, (Commencement day,) September 1st.

Bear with us a few moments, while we urge this matter upon your attention. Like all other contests, this war for freedom cannot be waged without funds. Every battle fought and victory won, must be accomplished at a great expense, both of strength and money. Each success is the cause of enlarged operations and increased outlays. That we have been blest with success must be evident to every one. How changed the public tone on the subject of Slavery! Its arrogant assumptions and impudent usurpations are not only *felt*, but plainly talked about. The *press*, emancipated from its wizard spell, *whispers* no longer. The rights of the *coloured* man, are acknowledged to be the rights of *man*. Yet new fields of labour open before us: new demands are made upon us for renewed self-denial and laborious exertion. *We must maintain the posts we have gained.* To do this, information must be diffused, and arguments must be elicited and urged home upon the consciences of both friend and foe. *Our action must be aggressive.* The battlements of oppression frown threateningly and defyingly upon us. A fair breach has not yet been made—yet massive blocks have been loosened from her base and an impression has evidently been made. Will you not then rally once more, that a ponderous and perhaps an effectual blow may be given—a blow that shall shake the grim old Bastile to the very centre of its foundations. If we shall do it, it will not be the *first* time that the throne of tyranny has been made to tremble upon its base by Rhode Island's children. We are few, but is not the spirit of our fathers still burning within us?

We have deserters from the enemy, whom it is necessary to assist. As the days roll on, this class is constantly increasing. Of course our means must be increased—or they suffer.

Friends, the matter is before you. What will you do? Will you do what you *can*? Will you give, *each one*, as much as the Government will wrest from you *this year* for the support of tyranny? Will you look upon three millions of your countrymen chained and bleeding—then upon your own free hands, and numberless privileges, and *then* decide by this rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" and by this; "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them?" If so, blessed are ye. Do you ask—"What do you need?" We need everything, and will take anything that can be made serviceable. The greater the variety, and the greater the value of the contributions, so much the better. But let none refrain from giving because he or she has nothing of *value* to contribute. Whatever you have will be of *some* value. Let it come.

The farmer especially can assist us. The products of his soil are just the things we need and must have. How many will devote an acre to the slave?

Will not our factory girls send us ample testimonials that while their fingers have been busy with its products, their minds have been in the cotton-field—heard and felt its horrors. But we must not enumerate. Give, give, give,—if not for the slave's sake, for your own. Then when you have given your substance, be sure and give us your presence at the time that our hearts may all be glad together.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing AMARANCY PAINE, *Anti-Slavery Office*, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris,	*S. B. R. Thurber,*
Abby Burgess,	*Caroline Ashley,*
Mary Hathaway,	*Abby Thurber,*
Sarah R. Smith,	*Lucretia Francis,*
Mary R. Clarke,	*Elizabeth H. Brown,*
Amarancy Paine,	*Hannah B. S. Redway,*
Parthena P. Janes,	*Olive Taber,*
	Mary Stewart.

TOUR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AND JAMES N. BUFFUM, *Through the State of New-York.*

These friends of the SLAVE have kindly consented to spend a few weeks in this State on their way home from Ohio. I give this early notice of their intentions, that every individual may make arrangements to be at one or more of the Conventions which they will attend.

It is unnecessary to urge, or even earnestly invite any one to go. The bare announcement of the names of GARRISON, DOUGLASS, and BUFFUM, will secure an overwhelming audience anywhere in the Empire State. Unless prevented by sickness or accident, they will attend Conventions as follows:—at

BUFFALO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, SEPTEMBER 14th and 15th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. on each day.

ROCHESTER.—On Thursday and Friday, September 16th and 17th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M. on Thursday, and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Friday.

FARMINGTON.—On Sunday, September 19th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

CANANDAIGUA.—On Monday, September 20th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WATERLOO.—On Tuesday and Wednesday, September 21st and 22d, commencing, on Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Wednesday.

AUBURN.—On Thursday, September 23d, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SYRACUSE.—On Friday, September 24th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

WEST WINFIELD.—On Saturday and Sunday, September 25th and 26th, commencing on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 10 o'clock, A. M. on Sunday.

LITTLE FALLS.—On Monday and Tuesday, September 27th and 28th, commencing on Monday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and 10 o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday.

ALBANY.—On Wednesday, September 29th, commencing at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Several other distinguished speakers will be present at all the Conventions, and

CHARLES LENOX REMOND will be at BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, FARMINGTON, and CANANDAIGUA.

E. D. HUDSON and LEWIS HAYDEN will be at WEST WINFIELD and LITTLE FALLS.

Will the friends in the different places make early and ample arrangements, and let the notice be extended far and wide by handbills and otherwise, so that no individual shall miss the rare opportunity for want of notice.

Will the local papers please copy the foregoing notice, so far as their particular localities are concerned?

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 7th mo. 1847.

WINDHAM COUNTY A. S. SOCIETY.

The friends of human freedom will hold a Convention at Willimantic, on Saturday, July 31st, commencing at ten o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day. C. C. Burleigh, and others, will be present to address the meeting. All are invited to attend.

JAMES B. WHITCOMB, *President.*
L. BURLEIGH, *Secretary.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following towns and villages, in Columbia, Greene, Delaware, and Broome counties, as follows:

Hillsdale, Columbia county, Monday, August 2d			
Hudson,	"	Tues. & Wednes.	" 3d & 4th
Cario, Greene county,		Thurs. & Friday	" 5th & 6th
Freehold,	"	Saturday	" 7th
Greenville,	"	Sunday	" 8th
Durham,	"	Mon. & Tuesday	" 9th & 10th
South Durham,	"	Wednesday	" 11th
Batavia,	"	Thurs. & Friday	" 12th & 13th
Windham,	"	Satur. & Sunday	" 14th & 15th
Lexington,	"	Mon. & Tuesday	" 16th & 17th
Blenheim, Schoharie co.		Wednes. & Thurs.	" 18th & 19th
Kortwright, Del. co.		Friday & Satur.	" 20th & 21st
Hobart,	"	Sunday	" 22d
Bloomville,	"	Monday & Tues.	" 23d & 24th
Delhi,	"	Wednes. & Thurs.	" 25th & 26th
Hamden,	"	Friday	" 27th
Walton,	"	Saturday	" 28th
Deposite	"	Sunday & Monday	" 29th & 30th
Windsor, Broome co.		Tuesday	" 31st
Conklin,	"	Wednesday, Sept.	1st
Binghampton,		Thurs. & Friday,	" 2d & 3d.

The meetings will commence at half past seven o'clock, P. M. and at two o'clock, P. M. when desirable.

Will the friends of the slave make all necessary arrangements in their respective and neighbouring towns to have the meetings well notified and attendance enjoined, and confer a favour on the cause of bleeding and imploring humanity.

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.

J. W. Walker and N. N. Selby will attend Anti-Slavery Conventions in Southern Ohio as follows:

Harveysburg, Warren county, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th.

Yankeetown, Clermont county, Monday and Tuesday, the 12th and 13th.

☞ The above meetings will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., except that at Yankeetown, which will commence at 2, P.M. on the first day, and 10, A.M. on the second.

Let us come together at the Conventions with a desire and a determination to do something for the promotion of the Anti-Slavery cause in Southern Ohio.

S. BROOKE, *Gen. Agent.*

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, & CHARLES LENOX REMOND, *Port Byron, Seneca Falls, and Canandaigua.*

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at PORT BYRON, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at ten o'clock A. M. on each day; at SENECA FALLS, on Thursday afternoon and evening, July 29, and on Friday, July 30, commencing at ten o'clock, a.m. and continuing through the day and evening.

On Sunday, August 1st, Lectures will be delivered at CANANDAIGUA, in the afternoon and evening by SAMUEL R. WARD, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and CHARLES LENOX REMOND, and on Monday, August 2d, the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation will take place, in which all these gentlemen will participate.

These are the only meetings which FREDERICK DOUGLASS will be able to attend in our State before September. Let there be a general rally at all these Conventions, as I doubt not there will be. It will be a busy season of the year, but we must avail ourselves of such aid when we can get it, and make the most of it.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

Farmington, 6th month, 12, 1847.

NOTICE OF THE STATE MEETING.

The Tenth Annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern Pennsylvania, will convene in Norristown on Wednesday, the 4th of August. We trust that it is not necessary to urge upon the friends of the cause, the importance of this meeting, or the desirableness of a large and punctual attendance upon it. The present state of our country demands much at the hands of reformers, and the harmony which prevails throughout the society will enable us to make a strong and successful assault upon our common foe. The complacency with which the Mexican war is regarded by all parties, the encouragement which it receives from the *professedly* Christian Church, the seeds of moral death which it is sowing in the nation's heart, call loudly upon us for prompt and efficient action. A testimony against these sins, which shall be heard and *felt*, should go forth from our meeting, a voice which shall penetrate the sealed ears of the morally dead, and help to rouse the Church and the State from their dangerous slumbers. Let the friends of the cause, then, gather in numbers, and strong in heart, ready to devote time and money to the noble work of making the results of the meeting all that the exigencies of the times demand.

On behalf of the Committee,

JAMES MOTT, Chairman.
HAYWORTH WETHERALD, Secretary.

NOTICE.

WARD, DOUGLASS, & REMOND. HO! WESTERN NRW YORK!!!

I have the pleasure of announcing to the people of Western New-York, that the distinguished advocates of the rights of universal man, whose names stand at the head of this notice, have consented to be at CANANDAIGUA, on Sunday and Monday, August 1st and 2nd, to lecture on American Slavery, Sunday afternoon and evening, and to participate on Monday in the celebration of the Anniversary of West India Emancipation. Come up, men, women, and children, on this glorious occasion and get good.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

A FINE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE REV. WILLIAM KNIBB

Poetry.

From Howitts' Journal.

LABOUR-WORSHIP.

BY EDWARD YOUL.

"Laborare est orare."

Brother, kneeling late and early,
Never working—Praying ever—
Up and labour—Work is prayer,
Worship is in best endeavour.

Days and nights not given to service,
Turn thy life to sinful waste;
Be no laggard,—be no sluggard,—
Live not like a man disgraced.

See—Creation never resteth,
Ever God creates anew;
To be like Him, is to labour,
To adore Him, is to DO.

Do thy best, and do it bravely,
Never flag with under-zeal,—
This is writ as Scripture holy,
Thou must either work or *steal*.

None have mandate to be idle;
Folded hands are vilest crime;
God's command is labour-worship,
In thy youth and in thy prime.

For I preach the newest Gospel,—
Work with hand, and work with heart;
Work—the Heavens are working alway;
Nature reads a text to Art.

Suns become the sires of Systems,
Planets labour as they roll;
And the law of their Celestial,
Is a law within thy soul.

From thy nerves at each pulsation,—
From the mystery of sleep,—
Comes a lesson—a monition,
Whose significance is deep.

Rightly read, and fitly heeded,
It will whisper to thy breast—
"Thou art clothed around with beauty,
And an angel is thy guest."

But the beauty worketh, striveth,
And is leading thee apace
To a Future, whose foundations
God hath planted not in space.

Oh, the angel—How he helpeth!
Hinder not by act of thine;
Lagging limbs, or heart aweary,
Mar the work of the Divine.

Be a workman, O my brother;
Higher worship is there none:—
With its hymn of work-devotion,
Nature is one choral tone.

As I read the newest Gospel,—
When the spade divides the clod,
When the ploughshare turns the furrow,
Men in prayer strive with God.

Pray—"The early rain and latter,
Lord, withhold not from our toil;
Fructify the seed we scatter,
With this worship, in the soil."

Say—"No slothful invocations
From our lips our lives profane;
We have kept the old commandment,
Taking not thy Name in vain.

"But *they* break the old commandment,
And invoke thy Name with sin,
Who, their idle hands uplifting,
Unearned good would garner in.

"We have new interpretation
For the old instruction—ASK;
Best *he* asketh, most who tasketh,
Sinews, to perform his task."

As I read the newest Gospel,
There is nothing fixed and still;
Constant only in mutation
Is God's law of Good and Ill.

Time was, when the tongue's petition
Wisely wrestled with the skies;
When the flames, that curled on altars,
Made accepted sacrifice.

Time was, when the crowd exalted
Priests above their fellow-men;—
But that worship is departed,
And doth not return again.

Ever working,—ever doing,—
Nature's law in Space and Time;—
See thou heed it in thy worship;
Build thou up a Life sublime.

Ever Idleness blaphemeth
In its prayer—in its praise;
How shall Heaven accept his incense,
Who is idle all his days?

Be a workman, O my brother;
Trust not worship to the tongue;
Pray with strenuous self-exertion;
Best by Hands are anthems sung.

Everywhere the earth is hallowed,
Temples rise on every soil—
In the forest—in the city—
And their priest is Daily Toil.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER II.—[CONCLUDED.]

It was Toussaint l'Ouverture, upon a noble horse, richly caparisoned. He was followed by his staff, a mixture of white, mulatto, and black officers, and a squadron of horse, who instantly surrounded the house. The word of command had scarcely passed the lips of the General, when the hussars leaped from their horses, and brandishing their weapons, rushed into the house and brought out all whom they found there. But here again the blacks and whites fell asunder instantly, parting like oil and water. The blacks stood trembling and humbled, and sought to hide their blood and wounds, the sailors resisted the soldiers, wrestled with them, and appeared to rejoice in an opportunity of slighting the authority of the black General.

But when this extraordinary man called out to them, that he would shoot down any one that again raised a hand, and when they looked at him, rising in his stirrups with a gesture of menace, and saw death in his eye, the boldest quailed at the sight, and instantly all was hushed. The General listened attentively to learn the cause of the strife, which hardly any one knew, and yet all were anxious to tell. The tambourine-player had been knocked down by a sailor, which had enraged the blacks, with whom this individual was a favourite. So a dispute arose, which the whites had carried on with a high hand. The blacks had been treated with scorn and abuse, and their General, whom they idolized, had not been spared, and that had been said of him, which was often heard in those days: "that he was an Ape, with a linen peruke, who should be packed off where he and all niggers belonged, to h—ll or to the sugar-mill."

That was too much for the blacks, who, besides, had their own wrongs to avenge, and now they crowded around and pointed to a sailor, who, they asserted, was the first to talk about "*the Ape with a linen hood*," and who had used other insulting epithets besides.

Toussaint looked steadily at the sailor, who stood, wounded and bleeding before him, and a wild looking lad he was. But he could not long stand the fire which gleamed in the eye of the General, and his looks were cast upon the ground.

"Was it you, Citizen, who uttered such language?" said Toussaint.

The sailor looked up. "Yes, General," he replied, with a sort of defiant despair, "I have done a foolish thing, and I will not deny it; but consider I am young, I was drunk, and had never seen you, General."

This was said with such a genuine expression of admiration, and with so little appearance of artifice, that Toussaint could not wholly conceal a feeling of gratification. He looked at the sailor for a moment, then took off his hat, and pointed to his head wrapped as usual in the well-known gay-coloured cloth.—"See here, Citizen," said he, laughing, "take a good look at the Ape with the linen peruke, and that you may compensate that poor fellow there, whose tambourine you have broken, take this gold piece."

The sailor stood a while as in a dream, then suddenly wiped his face and shouted at the top of his voice: "Long live the General! Long live Toussaint l'Ouverture! Long live virtue and liberty, and God bless you, as long as you live!"

Like an electric spark ran this outbreak of joy and admiration through the whole crowd, who instantly broke forth in an enthusiastic hurrah.

"Learn to love and respect one another," cried Toussaint, "and take care how you venture again into any bloody quarrel. Thus far, only your friend Toussaint l'Ouverture, knows anything about it, but take care and clear out before the General comes to know it."

He turned his horse, and hurrahs from the very hearts of the mob rolled after him. As he descended slowly towards the water, every one, as he passed, stopped, and bowed low before the man who, a few years before, would have been threatened with a kick, if he had happened, accidentally, so much as to touch a white gentleman's garments. It was a strange sight; the short, elderly black, upon a noble beast of Spanish blood, and yet there was something that commanded respect in the homely figure. He wore a General's uniform, which he had had ornamented somewhat fantastically, after his own taste. His blue coat was surmounted with a huge red collar, which folded over, and with red facings. Eight strips of gold lace crossed each other on each arm, and on the shoulders hung heavy gold epaulettes. A scarlet vest, and pantaloons of the same colour completed his dress. On his head he wore a three-cornered hat, with a huge tri-coloured cockade and a white plume. His half-boots, laced with gold, and provided with gilt spurs, gave to his naturally very small foot, an unusual delicacy. It was, perhaps, the only mark of beauty that he had to show. Add to all this an unusually long sword with a basket-hilt, and a pair of highly-wrought pistols that he wore during the war in his belt, and the picture of this celebrated man is complete. A cravat of dazzling whiteness surrounded his neck, and fell with its ample ends down over the open lapels of his coat. Now and then, this article of his dress seemed to occupy his attention, as he had a habit of putting his fingers between his neck and his cravat, and twitching and pulling the neck-cloth, and then he would stroke the head of the beautiful animal he rode, and take pleasure in the play of the spirited creature, or he moved about in the saddle, which was covered, as usual, with a soft down cushion, made expressly for it.

Suddenly, just as he was about to turn from the Coast towards the town, one of his Adjutants, who had remained behind to prevent any further strife, rode up. It was Colonel Vincent, whom Toussaint beckoned to approach nearer.

"Well, Citizen," said he, with a smile, "what news?"

"Jean Kinon," replied Vincent, "thy faithful worshipper, General, has commissioned me to warn you. He hears that they have made plans to get you on board the ships.

Toussaint looked at his friend with an inquiring eye. "And do you believe it?" said he.

"No," answered Vincent. "It were absurd to think of tearing you from the midst of a people, an army, that loves you to idolatry."

Toussaint was silent a moment, and then exclaimed with animation: "That, that truly would not suffice to give me confidence, if Santonax, Rochambeau, or some other Hotspur were still here, but Citizen Hedouville, is a prudent, well-considering man, who loves no buffoonery,"

"And Rigaud has been with him for this last half hour," whispered Vincent.

Toussaint tossed his head proudly up, and his lip quivered with a scorn, which instantly found vent in words. "O! I know," said he, "M. Rigaud, and not only he, but others too, black and white gentlemen, are bowing low to Hedouville, and they are all hoping, one for this, and another for that. But keep quiet, let them go and do as they please, I'm content." Here he fell silent awhile, and then continued with great earnestness: "André Rigaud, he came with all haste from the South: very well, he may get his instructions from the agent of the Directory. I could easily have settled him and perhaps rendered him powerless forever, but God keep me—Rigaud is necessary to me—he is violent—he serves me, to carry on the war—and this war is necessary to me. This caste of the mulattoes is superior to mine. If I put down this Rigaud, perhaps they will find another leader more capable. I know Rigaud, he will tumble from his horse, if he gallops—he shows his whole arm, when he wants to strike. I, I gallop too, but I know how to keep the saddle, and when I strike, it is felt, but I am not seen. Rigaud understands no revolutions but of bloodshed and massacre. I, I know how to rouse the whole people. He signs, this M. Rigaud, when he sees the people aroused in the wrath which he excited. I, I suffer no wrath—when I appear, all must be hushed."

This soliloquy would probably have lasted longer, had not the Government House now presented itself before them. A guard of honour had been set, and a number of persons surrounded the edifice. But it was no longer the old population that dwelt in the new town. The whole race of the so-called *blancs petites*, the laborious portion of the community, and that numerous class who formerly occupied the quarter round the harbour, had all either perished in the fire and storm, or were scattered to distant regions. Only a remnant remained, and these had almost entirely lost the old liberty-mania, or were mixed with mulattoes of every shade, and with blacks who had settled in great numbers at the Cape. The stately, substantial mansions had also, for the most part, fallen into other hands, and had been meanly repaired, or built anew, as the case might be. Wooden buildings supplied the places of edifices of stone—the Cape resembled a banana tree, which, so long as it has a single twig or leaf green, shoots forth new roots, and soon spreads out a fresh roof of leaves, and becomes again a wood.—A new aristocracy, chiefly mulatto it is true, had appeared. There were many rich planters of this class, who, amidst all the confusion of war, had had the skill to keep their property and to increase it, and now they cherished just as bitter a hatred of the black domination, as they had formerly done of the Creole. There were also some remains of the old ruling caste, who had survived all their troubles, and now crept out of their obscurity because they scented a confederate in Hedouville. And there were also many blacks who were opposed to the superior power of one or their own colour, who, as the highest military officer, exercised command, as it happens in all colours and in all countries with such as suddenly rise out of obscurity. They are still regarded as equals, are obeyed with reluctance, and people resent their arrogance, and would rather submit to the hereditary prerogatives of wonted power, than to the child of his own energy, the creature of talent and fortune. Two black Generals, even, and a considerable number of mulatto and black officers had been compelled to quit the Island with Santonax, because they refused to Toussaint the obedience which he unconditionally required. But to Hedouville many now readily flocked, and when General Toussaint entered the hall, he found the Agent-General of the Directory surrounded by a large number of persons and officers of the higher class, to whom he was giving audience. Hedouville was a stately, dignified person, with a wise and somewhat pedantic expression of countenance. He passed not only for a skilful soldier, but also for an able diplomatist, and he vindicated his claim to this last distinction, when he stepped up to Toussaint with a winning air of cordiality, embracing him and expressing himself in the most friendly terms. He then led him towards Rigaud, who stood leaning on his sword, surrounded by a circle of his officers.—The Chief of the mulattoes and the Chief of the blacks! Their eyes met and flashed as they appeared to measure each other; for an instant both seemed to tremble with an overpowering longing to penetrate the future, and know with certainty the final result. They surveyed each other sternly, and with inward hate, as their hearts swelled with the thought that Domingo, perhaps the world might, be soon too little to bear them both. Their very forms dilated with these emotions; they drew themselves proudly up, and with looks of menace, like two lions, who throw back their heads and raise their manes, before the conflict begins. But all this demonstration of feeling was but for a moment. The next instant, Rigaud bowed with a friendly smile, and with a fitting air of politeness to the quondam slave who had become a great man. Perhaps he thought of the interview, which he once had with this runaway negro, and of the strange fortune which had raised him to be the first of his colour. Rigaud had always prophecied the greatness of Toussaint, if ever the slaves succeeded in obtaining their freedom. He looked long and earnestly at the negro, and with secret anxiety revolved the problem, whose star was to be victorious. Toussaint's address first awakened him from these dreams.

What passed between them, however, was nothing but the usual exchange of polite formalities, for both were too prudent, either by flattery or reproaches, to disclose their own thoughts, although these were clearly known. A mingled spirit of vengeance and ambition gnawed at the heart of Rigaud, a deep contempt, and a grim envy, with a mixture of admiration for the indomitable black, who, with the swarms of his wild soldiers, had only a little while before put an end to the war in the West, had wrested Port-au-Prince from the English, and extended his authority over the whole province, where formerly the Rigauds and their adherents had exercised the most decisive influence. The mulattoes now saw themselves confined to the South, and the fact that they still played the master there, and kept the negroes in their old subjection, and made them work for their masters, and that Rigaud had declared that he would resent any interference of General Toussaint by an appeal to arms, and that Santonax, as well as Hedouville, sought to foment this jealousy, in order, through this rivalry, to preserve the feeble dignity of the Republic,—all these things kept the black General awake and prepared, while he kept in his own bosom the plans, which were slowly but surely ripening.

Hedouville presented to Toussaint the different officers who had come with him from France, and an incident note-worthy, though in itself insignificant, strikingly revealed the mutual dispositions, and apprehension of the principal persons who had met on this occasion. The Agent-General led up to Toussaint the Commander of the small frigates and corvettes, which had brought him over. Captain Fabre was a great admirer of genius, and having addressed the General in very flattering terms, and assured him that all France rang with his name, and his deeds, he added, that he should esteem himself happy if, after having had the honour to attend General Hedouville hither, he could carry the celebrated General Toussaint l'Ouverture back with him to France, where he would find all the honour, and fortune which he so richly deserved. These unexpected words, uttered with the utmost naïveté, produced quite an electric effect. The lively young Adjutants of the Agent-General could hardly restrain a laugh; Hedouville was surprised, and embarrassed. Toussaint's attendants looked dark, and Rigaud cast towards his rival, a burning glance, which the latter marked, and understood. The quick eye of Toussaint penetrated the hearts of those around him. Before Hedouville, who was on the point of speaking, could open his lips, the black General replied, in his peculiarly significant tone: "Citizen Fabre, I thank you, but your ship is much too small for such a man as myself." A reply, which, as it necessarily reflected upon the Agent-General, who had come over in the aforesaid vessel, was an insult to Hedouville, which he noticed, however, only with a smile. But one of his Adjutants had less self-command: "France," observed this gentleman, "will esteem itself happy to serve as a residence for so great a man, who may there end his days in peace, and a ship, the largest that France possess——" but he was interrupted by Toussaint. "Certainly," said he, with a marked expression of contempt, "I would like to visit France, it is my intention, and I will execute it, when they can make a ship to carry me over, *out of that*." And with these words, he pointed to a small tropical flower that stood at the window, and then proudly broke off the conversation, and turned to talk with Hedouville about the state of affairs in the Island.

The Agent-General at last dismissed the company, who retired, struck and astonished at what they had heard and witnessed; and Hedouville, left alone with Toussaint, Rigaud, and a few confidential friends, and released from all constraint, assumed quite another tone.

After thanking Rigaud, in the name of the Directory, for the proofs he had given of his devotion to France, and for the restoration of order and peace, mentioning with especial approbation, the fact that the South, under the wise guidance of its Chief, had never suffered pecuniary embarrassment, never availed itself of the credit opened for it in America, Hedouville turned to Toussaint with the same terms of commendation, excepting that no allusion was made to financial matters, but soon the tone of the Agent-General changed to one of complaint, and it was intimated, that the Directory of the Republic were by no means pleased with the way, and manner in which the Commander-in-Chief had removed Santonax, and placed himself at the head of affairs, and administered everything by his own authority, like a Prince.

Toussaint listened patiently to all these reproaches. No movement betrayed his thoughts. He had laid his hand upon his great sword, and stood cold, and calm, eye to eye, before the General of the Republic, who, with smiling politeness, went on calling him to a strict account. "Explain. Prove the contrary," said he, at last, "I will not—what are words? I leave deeds to speak. I.—When I quitted the Spaniards, how did things look here? France was in the last struggle. A parcel of naked, half-starved soldiers, was all I found. I established order, and security. I!—I drove back the Spaniards, and then turned against the English, who had to give up the country to us, and betake themselves to a few strongholds, where I besieged them. Then came the Civil Deputation—what did they do?—They created new disturbances, new violence, and bloodshed. Santonax, he is an ambitious man, without principle, no Republican! He did everything with an eye to himself. He drove away his colleagues, in order to get the sole rule, and he found help." Here he threw a piercing look toward Rigaud, who quickly replied: "If the Civil Commissary had come to the South, he would certainly have found there the respect and support, which were his due."

"He was there," said Toussaint, "but he came quickly away, for M. Rigaud will recollect that more than three hundred persons lost their lives by that brief visit."

"The wrath of the people was great," replied the Chief of the mulattoes. "They wished to free the labourers with violence. I warned them in vain, my voice was powerless. Good God! how fearful is the people in their wrath!"

A smile of contempt was Toussaint's answer to this cant of Rigaud's. "The full liberty of all my brethren had been proclaimed by the law," said he. "In the South, this law was set at naught; they forced the blacks to be slaves."

"They compelled them to work," replied Rigaud; "they were paid, and well fed. You, you, who do the same, you, who have sent back the negroes, your brethren, as you call them, to the plantations, and force them to hard labour, should not utter such complaints."

"Citizen Rigaud," replied Toussaint, "it is folly to question what you know as well as I. I have proclaimed the principle that the freedom of the blacks cannot continue, without the prosperity which waits on agriculture. I will be no rough Coast negro, so have I said, and my people have heard my voice. This land, with its immense treasures, lies waste, the hands were there to bring them forth, but those hands rested idly in the lap. Idleness is the root of all misery and Slavery. Here stands the good citizen, who first proposed the system which I introduced. The Brigade Chief of Engineer, Vincent, gave me the idea that the large plantations, which were growing wild without masters, would be best cultivated by being divided into small farms, and put out under the superintendence of Inspectors, and General Inspectors. I made my principles known. I sought out the most capable persons, and placed them at the head of things. I did not ask about colour, I made my choice according to intelligence, and merit. Many mulattoes, many white persons were appointed, the blacks were forced to work, for the slave knows not the sweetness of the enjoyment which grows out of work. My people must learn, they are a nation of children, who need guidance, and severity. Look around, now, M. Agent-General," continued he, proudly, after a pause, "throughout the whole North, the plantations flourish, and this new life revives trade, which always follows agriculture. In the West, also, the same system of farms is introduced. The Inspectors pay over the surplus to the State, the tenants pay their rents, and reward the labourers, who, if they are industrious, and intelligent, can become tenants themselves, they are free."

"And the Generals, and the Colonels, and all good friends," cried Augustin Rigaud, who stood by the side of his brother, they also have received beautiful plantations, which they farm out, and so cultivate."

"We live upon the produce of the land," replied Toussaint, "the Republic has directed us to do so, for many years now she has sent us no money. The Generals, and the men who have freed the country, and are still adventuring their lives for it, they have received national rewards and lands, by which they too become proprietors and tenants, and, methinks, no one will envy them. We need men of weight, and wealth, as every other nation. Would you have a nation of beggars, and poor people? The Generals, and Colonels, are distributed through the Cantons, and, as Inspectors-General, have the oversight of the whole. I have established peace here, and prosperity, I. I trust to see the day, when our people shall every where be industrious, and feel themselves free,—and all be country people, living upon the products of their estates, large and small. I have written all about it to the Directory, and have said: "St. Domingo is free and happy. Peace has come, and the blessing of Heaven, and I pledge myself for it, the Revolution is at an end. France is our mother, we are her faithful sons, leave it to me to educate the people, send us no men whose passions disturb our prosperity!"

Rigaud could not suppress a smile. It did not escape Toussaint. "Yes, M. Rigaud," said he, with some warmth. "I will educate them. I know what I am doing. If I did not, there's many a horse would run without a bridle. The blacks know, too, what they must love, and what hate, they hate falsehood. If I am so disposed, there is no mountain so high, but that the tri-coloured flag can be planted on it. I love my people, I love the mother-country, I honour her commands, I am always ready to obey. I long for rest," he continued, with an earnest and melancholy expression of countenance, "but I have a mission to fulfill,—duties, which must be discharged, and woe to those! who stand in my way! woe to those, who oppose the freedom and dignity of man, they will be shivered to atoms by the lightnings of truth. The law of Progress in its course, has overthrown kingdoms, and buried kings."

Hedouville, who had listened to all this in silence, now started another complaint, which showed his strict republicanism. "The Directory," said he, "have seen with displeasure, that Toussaint has not only treated their agent, Raimond, slightingly, but that he has also permitted many emigrants to return to the Island. Most of these men had shown the most hostile intentions towards the Republic;" some of them had even fought on the side of the English, and upon them all the law had pronounced sentence of death, if they ever come again within the boundaries of the Republic."

"Shall a large number of intelligent men be banished forever," replied the black General, in a voice indicative of rising wrath, because they hated the new order of things? Very well, we too have hated and persecuted, and I myself have fought for the King. Now they come back, promise to be peaceful, and wish to be useful to their country. I am not in a condition to execute that law in this country, where every degree of cultivation is needed, I will not drive them away, yet if they undertake to breed disquiets, let them tremble. I fear them not, and no one fears them. I hate useless cruelty. No, General, leave to me the task of vindicating myself, I know what I am doing."

"You knew, then," said Hedouville, in no very good humour, "what you were about when you signed the capitulation of Port-au-Prince, so advantageous to the English. A garrison, weak and ready to give up, which would have yielded to the first assault, why did you grant them a free passage, and all their artillery, and the treasure, which for years past, they had been collecting here?"

"My vindication," said Toussaint, "is due only to the Directory. But the charge that you make, General, I answer only to give you a proof of my respect for you. Ask England what treasures she carried away from Domingo,—they will tell you that they have lost a hundred millions, and sixty thousand lives. The garrison of Port-au-Prince had defended themselves with bravery. I honour all brave men, who declare that they will blow themselves up, rather than surrender at discretion.—Eighty pieces of artillery, and a small ration of food—I will not, for such trifles, sacrifice the lives of brave men. You have my answer—but I will drive away the English. The moment is at hand when they must vanish forever from this Island."

"I have myself," said Hedouville, in a more friendly tone, "directed proposals for a capitulation to be made to General Maitland, at the Mole St. Nicholas, and informed him that he is to treat with me, as the Agent of the Republic. I understand that he has made some proposals of this sort to you?"

At this turn of the conversation, which showed the whole extent of the distrust which was mutually felt, Toussaint drew up his head, as he was wont to do, when anything touched him deeply, and then remarked, with a slight smile: "Well, very well, General, I hope the English will not take long to decide." He then proceeded to speak for a while, until the reserve, and coldness on both sides, that marked the interview, were abruptly terminated by Toussaint's declaring that his presence at the Cape could not be protracted beyond a day, but that he would fulfil with pleasure every order and commission of the Agent-General, so far as it was in his power.

Hedouville bowed, and exchanged a few parting formalities with a smile, but when the door closed, his face suddenly fell, his brow was knitting gloomily, and he turned a look full of anxiety upon Rigaud. "I could not have believed that it had gone so far, my dear friend," said he. "A negro, an old man, too, and so near the grave, and yet such monstrous ambition! There is a treacherous force in his words; yes, his presence must have something magical in it. Else how were it possible, that so many people, not savages, and half-savages, no, but white officers, this Vincent, this Pascal, and so many others, reverence him, and adhere to him."

"He has achieved great things!" replied Rgiaud.

"And fortune has done still more, circumstances, his cursed arts, his hypocrisy, which deceives everybody," cried Augustin.

"His genius!" said Rigaud, coolly. We cannot deny it. A great mind inhabits this little old body. He would be worthy of adoration if he were not so cunningly false."

"And what do you think, my dear Rigaud," said Hedouville; "what will be the end of these crafty plans?"

"A negro empire, and a royal crown!"

At these prophetic words, which were uttered in a tone of the calmest, fullest conviction, Hedouville clenched his fist. "He had better take care of himself," said he. "The Republic has true friends, and power enough to destroy his wild schemes. We must humble this despotic power. You, General Rigaud, you, the faithful son of France—A negro empire? O! perhaps it is only too true, The revolt is every where prepared, his will only is obeyed. These negroes worship him, as a saint, as the sole author of their prosperity. We must dispel this illusion. He will obtain the mastery of all the places on the coast, the forts, and soon enough"—here he looked at Rigaud, who understood him, and at that moment smiled, as he crushed with his foot a black beetle, crawling over the floor.

"We must secure whatever can be secured," continued Hedouville. "I will take care, M. Rigaud, that the South at least remains solely and entirely in your faithful hands. The Mole St. Nicholas, occupied by a faithful white regiment, well officered, will afford, as here at the North, a strong point of safety."

"Offer General Maitland the most favourable terms," said Rigaud, in a half-whisper: "Get the start of this black Ulysses, who will use every art to make himself master of that impregnable fortress, in order to prove to you that he commands here. I only fear," he continued, "that it is already too late. He was too quiet, he smiled too proudly, and was then so submissive. He was evidently sure of his game."

At this moment, as if fate designed to give Hedouville an immediate proof of the correctness of Rigaud's judgment, a letter was handed him by an Adjutant, from the besieged Englishman, in which the latter declared that he did not recognize Hedouville's authority, and would treat only with General Toussaint. Speechless with rage, and astonishment, he handed the letter to Rigaud, who read it with the greatest coolness, and then said: "Try, General, to make your authority felt. Just try it, whether the influence of this powerful negro cannot be withstood, and assure yourself of all the assistance which I and the mulatto citizens of Domingo can afford the Republic. A struggle is yet possible, there are many true hearts still, who will be with us, but every day increases the peril to authority and life. It has been allowed to go too far, this Spartacus of Freedom has been too much trusted, and flattered."

Hedouville pressed his confederate's hand with a look full of significance. "If I had only known a few hours ago what I now see so plainly," said he, "I would have been prepared for a decisive step." André Rigaud shrugged his shoulders with a smile, and looked out upon the sea, where the fleet lay at anchor. "I fear," said he, "that this hope has become an impossibility. They have shown him too plainly to what use a French ship can be put, and this negro is a sorcerer, who understands the future, and hears through the thickest walls."

"And I," murmured Hedouville, angrily, "I am sent hither without an army, without money, with nothing but the name of an Agent, a Proconsul, a title which has lost the mysterious authority which it had in the first days of the Revolution. Here is almost no help except that we have weapons in hand, but England's fleets drive us from the sea.—We must wait, before the avenging hour arrives; but I will not go, until it is necessary, until all is lost."

(To be continued.)

From Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper.

DAILY BREAD—AND DAILY VERMIN.

Her Majesty, as the mother of her people, has graciously endeavoured to set an example of economy to the housekeepers of England. She has ordered that bread of seconds flour only should be consumed in her palaces; and has thus made the commodity so fashionable that it has risen to within two and ninepence of the price of the superior article! The quantity of bread is, moreover, restricted to a pound a day for every mouth; being precisely the same weight of biscuit allowed per diem, on all occasions, to every rank of sailors. Thus, at the present moment, her Majesty's footmen are positively put upon as short commons as her Admirals of the fleet! Whether pastry is forbidden at the suppers following the State balls, we are yet in ignorance,—the historian of the Court Circular hitherto maintaining a stubborn silence on the matter. Be this as it may, the increased demand for seconds flour is convincing evidence of the loyalty of thousands of the "superior classes,"—whose superiority often consists in the bare fact that they not only eat the very best bread, but at the same time eat it with both sides very thickly buttered. However, great is the humility of high life, when influenced by royal example! For without a complaint it renounces the fineness and whiteness of its daily manchet, and heroically sinks to vulgar seconds! At this very time, what lessons of patriotism—of self-denial—are swallowed and digested by the noble of the land, in their daily bread and butter. The self-complacency of John Horner, when picking out the legendary plums from the Christmas-pie, may be paralleled by the conscious heroism of English Peers and Peeresses masticating "seconds!"

Do we irreverently smile and mock at this royal example, knocking as it does at the cupboard of the land—and calling, with wailing voice, upon English bakers to bake naught but seconds! Do we make light of the daily sacrifices offered in the palace? We hope not. On the contrary; we have endeavoured to imagine Prince Albert at breakfast—luncheon—dinner, and supper; at each and all of these necessary meals resignedly chewing naught but seconds; and, if we can interpret our own feelings, we think we have been very much softened by the ideal exhibition. Indeed we think the circumstance affords an admirable subject for the historical painter. We all remember the picture of Alfred and the Cakes. Why should it not be accompanied by Albert and the Seconds? Both subjects convey a patriotic lesson. Let Herr Winterhalter and Alderman Moon think of it.

The subject grows upon us. Alfred, buried in thought, is heedless of the burning dough; he dreams of naught but clearing the land from the robber that despoils it; his heart beats thick with the hope that wreaks extermination on the multitudinous Danes, and frees his beloved England from a tyrannous malediction.

And Albert—all unconsciously chewing a slice of seconds bread, with no eye to discover its browner hue, no palate to detect its harsher, huskier flavour; sits pondering on his myriads of hares at Windsor, at Claremont, and at Osborne,—the vermin hordes that eat the poor man's corn, and—so strangely turns the wheel!—help to bring even Princes down to seconds. And it is plain,—and we hope that Herr Winterhalter will duly paint in the interesting anatomical fact—plain, that the royal heart, labouring with great emotion, expands the royal waistcoat. In that swelling of the royal heart died ten thousand hares! Yes; his Royal Highness, touched with the thought of failing daily bread for men, *will* exterminate the daily vermin that help to lessen it. As ancient heroes dedicated their arms to a Pagan deity—so will Albert the Great offer up his fowling-piece to the Christian bowels of his adopting country.

The great example manifested by the Queen has, of course, been followed by the nobility in general. Several Peers have, by advertisement, assured the country that they and their families are solemnly banded together to let no other bread enter their lips, save seconds. Among these self-sacrificers, there are, of course, many who have hitherto—miserable offenders! rigidly preserved game. Well, they have seen the error of their ways; and we will not reproach them with past iniquities. Their signatures attest their penitence. True it is, they do not in so many words declare that henceforth they renounce the preservation of vermin that consumes the bread of man; but, it cannot be conceived, that any body of human beings could possess either so much courageous effrontery, or so much debasing hypocrisy, as to publish a penitential diet for a certain period, with a fixed resolution to return to their old iniquity? To return to it? Nay, at the same moment, to continue in it?

For instance. Here is the Duke of Doublegun: a marvellous keen sportsman, his Grace. Last September the local papers published his victories in the field, as punctually counting every slaughtered head of game,—punctually as men count golden pieces. He was the very Samson of vermin, killing his hundreds. Exhilarating, very ennobling too, such victories! No man—excepting, perhaps, a poulterer in a large way—in the like time shed more blood. Poor man! Who, now, would wear his nightcap, even though his coronet was offered with it? We can imagine the nights this wretched nobleman must pass. He knows that eight hares will consume as much as will subsist a single sheep—this knowledge pricks his conscience in its tenderest part for the first time. And then he reflects—and writhes under the reflection—on the many thousand loaves consumed last year in corn, by the game of England—loaves, that at this moment, thousands of human beings hunger for. The cause, as it has turned out, was Vermin *vs.* Man,—and the vermin (preserved and protected by the aristocracy) carried it. Miserable Duke! The fiend sets his worried brain to work the most perplexing sums; making him—despite of himself—calculate to a fraction the excess of money at the present hour paid for the bread the game last year consumed. For this fact his Grace shudders at and breaks into a cold sweat as he acknowledges, that of every loaf sold by the baker, vermin may be said to have had a mouthful. And these thoughts do still possess his graceless Grace. And then, it may be, worn out he goes to sleep. Still the vermin follow and torment him. For nightmare—in the shape of puss—squats upon him; and like the showman's horse that was wont to loyally beat upon the tamborine for King George,—so does the Duke's hare beat a rub-a-dub upon the ducal abdomen, playing thereupon as in the worst of mockery,—*A hunting we will go.* And then in may be, the Duke wakes; and wonders whether his keepers—good men all, and certain shots—are patrolling the preserves, hugging, as a mother hugs her pet, the gun loaded for the bowels of the poacher who will not read *meum et tuum* in the furry skins of hares, although Providence—as his Grace and "his order" think—have written the words there with so plain a finger. And then, his Grace may sink again to sleep—fancying that he hears, the short, cropping snatches of his hundreds of vermin, biting at the green corn of this blessed May, and lessening the harvest for hungry man.

And the morning comes, and his Grace rises. And he is a little worn by the thoughts and visions of last night; but he has seen the evil of his ways, and repented. It may be he shaves himself; and with his eye in the mirror, sees no blistering blush as he thinks of his public manifesto and the game laws.

And the Duke addresses himself to breakfast; eating his seconds bread, bedewed it may be with one grateful tear—(oh, that it might be crystalized to a gem for his coronet!)—that he is henceforth relieved of a social sin. For he has printed his declaration to the whole world that—in Christian sympathy for his fellow-creatures suffering a common calamity—he will for a certain time eat seconds bread, that bread may be economized. He could not do this, and at the same time consent that his vermin should lessen the future harvest; prayed and yearned for as it is, even as God's manna. No; he blesses himself that not for one moment could he stand before the world, so impudent a hypocrite; so bronzed by his own selfishness to the contempt of man. He is an English nobleman, and not a shameless mountebank.

And therefore do we heartily rejoice at the determination of members of the aristocracy to follow the example, so royally set, of consuming only seconds bread. In such determination is the implied repeal of the game-laws, with a consequent clearance of the vermin they have, like the brutes and birds of Egypt, made sacred. Gladdened by this belief, we will lightly pass by old offences. Thus, we might—but of course we will not—put it to noble lords to calculate the number of quartern loaves purchasable by what in late years they have paid for game? In 1844, the Marquis of Salisbury paid £748 15s.; in 1845, £877 8s. 6 1-2., while the gentle, yet chivalrous Lord Fitzhardinge declared before the Game Committee, that the cost of barley for his game in one year was between £900 and £1,000.

What pyramids of loaves are represented in these sums! But we will not reproach a penitent aristocracy with such an accusing picture.

DIED.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, at Belleview, Boone county, Kentucky, Col. SILAS DINSMORE, in the 81st year of his age.

This is the gentleman referred to in the following correspondence.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.

The following correspondence was carried on, as will be seen, in 1822, between the then Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector of the Port of Mobile:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, January 15, 1822.

SIR: This Department is desirous of knowing how far the Tombigbee river runs up. You will please communicate the information.

Respectfully,
W. H. CRAWFORD.

S. Dinsmore, Esq. Collector, Mobile.

MOBILE, *February* 7, 1822.

SIR: I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th ultimo, and of informing you, in reply, that the Tombigbee does not run up at all.

Very respectfully,
S. DINSMORE.

Hon. W. H. Crawford, Sec'y of the Treasury.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, March 1, 1822.

SIR: I have the honour to inform you that this Department has no further service for you as Collector of Mobile.

Respectfully,
W. H. CRAWFORD.

S. Dinsmore, Esq. Mobile.

Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

SOIREE OF THE CO-OPERATIVE LEAGUE.—One of the occasional Soirees, or Tea-parties, of the Co-operative League took place on Monday, in the Hall of the Society, Skinner street. The company was numerous, and pretty equally composed of both sexes. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by Mr. Charles Lane. The chairman set forth the aims and objects of the association, and dwelt on the philosophy of its principles. He cited as an instance of the high utility of co-operative societies, the establishment of the Hopedale Institution, in Massachusetts, U. S. the members of which were numerous, and composed of the working class. The society had succeeded by co-operation and reliance on their united labour in obtaining land and machinery, which were employed for agricultural purposes, and by which they had been able to raise their own corn, make their own bread, and build houses; by putting in practice the educational plans sprung from a moral unity of mind, the Hopedale community had established schools, and even philanthropic asylums; Mr. Hawkins spoke to the first of the resolutions, in support of the society's views, and Mr. Maunder seconded it, in a speech tracing historically the progress of social confederacies from the earliest times, and showing that cities and boroughs originated with the practical love of co-operation exhibited by mankind. The speeches were relieved by the occasional performance of vocal music, and Mr. Brunel sung an appropriate and original song illustrative of the Society's principles, entitled, "There are Chains of Social Union," which was much applauded. Mr. Biggs spoke to the sentiments it conveyed, and alluding to the position of women in society, observed that their enfranchisement, and freedom from conventional restraints, would greatly tend to the general advance of social improvement and refinement. Mr. Richardson, a working man, and other individuals having spoken, the meeting separated.—*Jerrold's Newspaper.*

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL.—A suggestion has been made, in the matter of the Caxton memorial, which seems very deserving of attention. To escape the various shoals which the unskilfulness of designers, the errors of judges, and the grossness of the public taste place around the suggested commemoration, whether by a statue or a fountain and light pillar, it is proposed that the sum collected for a Caxton monument be appropriated to the building and endowment of an almshouse or hospital for decayed printers. We trust that this scheme will meet with due consideration from the committee.—*Ibid.*

THE CAXTON MONUMENT.—At a meeting held in London, on Saturday last, to promote the erection of a monument to commemorate the introduction of printing into England, and in honour of Wm. Caxton, the earliest English printer, Lord Morpeth took the Chair. Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, moved the following resolution:

"That the proper site for any work of art commemorative of the introduction of printing into England